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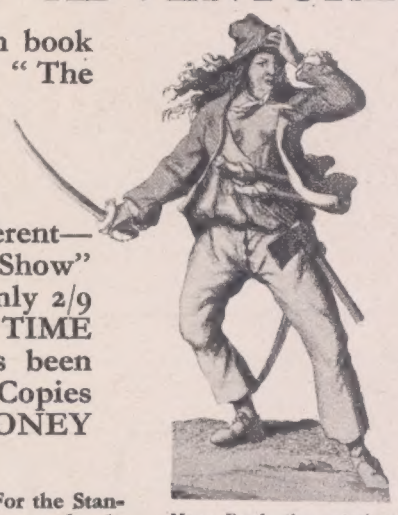

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The "Passing Show" Presents

NIGHT OPERATOR

SIXTY-mile-an-hour gale racing across a frozen land; telephone wires deep in snowdrifts; here is the setting for this thrilling yarn of the heroine at the switchboard

by Lucile Selk EDGERTON

THE wind howled down the Duck Creek line like a banshee when Teckla plugged in on the toll switchboard at ten o'clock.

"It looks like a slow night," said Kathie Willets whom Teckla was relieving. "There's only one toll call booked. Chicago, rush."

Teckla spread her big raw hand over the square of paper. Kathie's youthful scribble told her that Meyer Hoffman, proprietor of the Hotel Northwestern, was calling one Isadore Bloch, Hotel Calvert, Chicago.

"My goodness, Meyer put in that call just before I left this morning," commented Teckla, fitting her head-piece away from the sore side of her ear. "What's the matter that you couldn't get him?"

Kathie shot a contemptuous glance at the big Swede. Teckla had now creaked into the revolving chair and hooked her number nine feet around the curved legs. She reminded Kathie of a flag-pole sitter, ensconced on a perilous pinnacle against time and weather.

"The matter is that there's only one clear line out of Winnesaukee to-night," said Kathie. "The matter is that telephone and telegraph lines throughout Wisconsin are hanging in the snow drifts.

"The matter is that a sixty-mile gale is tearing in from Lake Michigan. But of course those little obstacles won't prevent *Teckla Thorkelson* from getting Chicago."

"Ach—" began Teckla impatiently, and reached over to plug out a wildly flickering light on the local switchboard.

"Hellow! Hellow!" came Hoffman's hoarse voice. "Gott! such a service. Chicago, yah, a fat chance I have! Not even the local zentral can I get. Hellow, Kathie, iss that you?"

"This is Teckla," answered an impassive Nordic voice.

"Listen, Teckla!" Hoffman shouted. "You got my call there? All right, now listen once. This feller Bloch has been waiting to hear from me since yesterday. He's going to buy out my hotel. Understand? I gotta sell, otherwise I'm *ausgespieled*. This is the first chance I've had in six years. But he don't wait for nobody, that feller." A contemptuous *phutt!* sounded above the whine of the wire. "Yesterday I got clear title. To-day I sell. But he only waits till midnight. Understand?"

Straining her arm to keep the plug in the far jack Teckla answered impassively "All right, Mr. Hoffman, I'll do my best."

"Did you hear about Jean McNulty being in the Duck Creek smashup?" asked Kathie, buckling on her goloshes.

"Jean McNulty!" Teckla's consternation turned quickly to grim acceptance of Fate. "I always said that little vixen would get a jolt some day. Well, I'm sorry anyway. Was she hurt badly?"

"Completely jammed up. In fact, they say she won't pull through. Well, here goes little Kathie Willets out into the blustering nor'wester! So long, Teckla."

Teckla yanked her plug out of the local board and settled down to the business of putting through Hoffman's call.

The hard yellow knot at the back of her head, her red unpowdered face glowed with content. This was her world. By night she reigned here, unchallenged. Wires from this small old-fashioned office, in the upper back rooms of Meisel's Shoe Store reached to all parts of the land. They brought romance and power to her thiry-five years, years spent on a humdrum farm at the edge of Winnesaukee.

She took a firmer stance with her large feet, picked up a plug, jammed it into a worn jack labelled "Three Corners," and pressed down on the button with a thumb flattened by twenty years of unstinted ringing.

"This is Three Corners!" chirped a bright young voice.

"Hello, Sadie?"

"Hello, Teckla. You want Chicago? Chicago's still out of order. I've been trying to get through to Duck Creek for you. Out of order, too. I'll keep at it, Teckla."

By night she reigned here unchallenged

Teckla cut out and picked up a light on the local switchboard. It was the Cameron house. Mrs. Cameron had been very low last night. That cancer . . .

Belle Rogge, the nurse, called for Dr. Berg's residence, and Teckla dutifully listened in on the conversation. The doctor was at Duck Creek, fifteen miles away. A sleighing party on its way to a barn dance had been smashed by a lorry. Three persons were killed, the doctor was patching up seven seriously injured.

Teckla's scraggly brows contracted. "Belle," she interposed, "I'll keep right after Duck Creek for you. Is Mrs. Cameron bad to-night?"

"Awful bad, Teckla. I don't give her another twenty-four hours. With such a heart. . . . And always calling for Joey."

With her left hand Teckla again plugged into Three Corners, with her right she picked up Greenwood Sanitorium.

"Hello, operadah?" a deep feminine contralto billowed into her ear. "This is Madam Marga Freiburg shpeaking. I vish to place a call."

Teckla's pale brows twitched. Madam Freiburg? The great Austrian prima donna? She had sung a concert in Winnesaukee last week.

"I vant you to get for me my daughter Charlotte Freiburg, Municipal Opera House, New York. To-night she makes her operatic debut und I cannot be there. Here I am in a plaster cast, my leg broken. That *verdammter* ice by the hotel! I must hear her sing. All veek I have vorried how I get to New York und suddenly I think — but sure, I vill telephone! You get me New York immediately, eh?"

"There's a lot of line trouble to-night, Madam Freiburg, but I'll do my best to put through your call. . . ."

"Hello, Winnesaukee! Can you hear me?"

A lineman! The voice, so eerie, so casual, came from the top of a telephone pole some where out in the wind-tortured wilderness.

"Sure I can hear you! You fixing my line to Chicago?"

"Hello, Winnesaukee! Hello, Chicago! *Hel*-lo!" The voice trailed off thin and fragile as a flute note.

Teckla hunched over her board. She rang Dr. Berg's residence and asked if the doctor had returned yet. He had not. Her intense blue eyes focused on the Cameron light. She saw the whole Cameron tragedy in that half-inch disc: Mrs. Cameron, the sensitive and adoring mother, slowly dying of cancer; Joey the nineteen-year-old adored son pacing his cell at Waupun while he served sentence for robbery.

Teckla remembered the night the robbery occurred. She remembered Joey calling in around midnight and joshing her as he always did. He was night clerk then at Hoffman's Hotel North-western. It was two in the morning when Hoffman himself called in from the hotel and asked for the police-station. Teckla dutifully listened in to hear Hoffman report that his twenty-year-old son Rex had just caught Joe Cameron in the act of robbing the hotel safe.

Joey had not had much show at the trial. Everyone knew the devotion he had for his invalid mother, every one knew that he would go to almost any extreme to help her. Radium treatments and insulin and a nurse in constant attendance were a heavy drag on a night clerk's salary.

Teckla remembered the ruthlessness with which Hoffman prosecuted Joey. She remembered how suddenly Joey was whisked away to prison from

(*Please turn to next page*)

Continuing NIGHT OPERATOR

his dying mother's bedside and how, just as quickly, dapper Rex Hoffman left for Havana.

The two lights came up again, Hotel Northwestern and Greenwood Sanitorium.

"Operadah? This is Madam Freiburg. Have you got yet New York? I'm calling my daughter Charlotte at the Municipal Opera House. I'm vaiting! It's half past ten already!"

"Yes, Madam Freiburg. I'll get New York for you as soon as I have a line to Chicago. . . ."

"Yes, Mr. Hoffman. Yes, I'm trying to get Chicago. . . ."

"Listen once, Teckla. I'm in a hell of a shpot. I gotta sell out this hotel before midnight. That big elephant of a Freiburg takes it out on me now that she can't hear her daughter singing grand opera. She's going to sue me! Do you hear? Sue me because she fell on the ice by my hotel and broke her leg. In twenty years a t'ousand actors have shlipped on that ice and broke no legs. . . . Get me Chicago. Get me Isadore Bloch. Hotel Calvert. Don't you understand I got till only midnight? Since last night I've been trying to get that feller. If I don't give him word by midnight he buys out the Starret at Oshkosh!"

The cut-out keys clicked, shutting out the distracted protests. Overhead the ice pellets beat against the skylight, the frozen gale moaned in its bitterness. Teckla plunged out a steady new light.

"Hello, Winnesaukee? Can you hear me? Can you hear me?"

The lineman again!

"Hello, Jerry! I can barely hear you. Have you fixed my line to Chicago?"

"Hello, Winnesaukee!" The words came in relays now. "Temporary line to Chicago. . . . Hold fifteen minutes. Going down for help. . . . Can't alone."

"Where are you, Jerry?"

"Near Hintzler farm. I'll get help there. . . . Have line clear in half hour."

"My God," thought Teckla. "That poor kid out there on top of a telephone pole."

She hooked her feet higher around the legs of her chair, plugged in on Three Corners, and this time to Sadie's bright response said confidently: "Get me Duck Creek."

The night chief operator at Duck Creek had been receiving and sending emergency calls since six o'clock, the time of the sleigh and freight smash-up. She knew the location of every doctor within a radius of twenty miles, and the condition of every victim of the accident.

"Dr. Berg left Duck Creek a half hour ago," she reported. "He said he would stop at Nienaber's, eight miles down the road, and give Winnesaukee a ring."

"Right, Duck Creek," said Teckla. "Give me Chi——"

Teckla brought down her cut-out key suddenly, closing out Duck Creek. Her eyes were caught by a light which burned in the farthest corner of the local board. It was the Olson farmhouse signal, and Teckla knew that the Olsons had been driven out of the place by destitution and had gone to live with relatives two months ago. She knew that the house had been empty since their departure.

"Number, please?" invited her quiet voice.

"Teckla. . . ."

Teckla's memory moved here, there, through her eyes, connecting. She expelled her breath, caught the last gust of it sharply to form the words "Joey. Joe Cameron!"

"Teckla. . . . I—just escaped from Waupun!"

Teckla's hand moved against the cam, away from the board, out toward the bitter night, protectively.

"I had to see mother. I've been trying for weeks. I had no chance until to-day. The storm. Tell me. How is she?"

Teckla's thin lips pushed into the transmitter, taut, purposeful.

"Joey, your mother is very sick."

She wanted to say it gently. She wanted to tell him how desperately sick, too.

"Teckla. You'll help me to get there, won't you? You can do something! Find some way!"

A light beamed to the left of the connection. An eight-party farm line signal. And one of the parties on that line was the Nienaber farmhouse.

"Wait just a second, Joey." She plugged in.

"Hello there, Teckla!" boomed a deep-chested voice. "This is Dr. Berg. Any calls for me?"

"Dr. Berg. . . . Oh, doctor! From the Camerons. Belle Rogge's been trying to get you all evening."

"Mrs. Cameron? I expected that. All right, my girl. What can you dig up for me in the way of transportation? I'm at Nienaber's. Nothing here but an old sleigh and no horse. My car's stuck in the drifts a mile down the road."

Teckla's blue eyes stared at a point of concentration. Farther down on the board Meyer Hoffman and Madam Freiburg were signalling furiously.

"I'll send for you. I'll get one of the boys from home. You be ready. He'll come for you in—half an hour." She took down the connection and switched back to Joey. "Joey, are you dressed warm? What have you got on?"

"Never mind. I'm all right. What——"

"Listen. It's a half-mile hike from Olson's to our barn. Go to our barn and take the key you'll find on the ledge above the doorway. Old Robin is in the first stall. He'll let you harness him without making no fuss. Take the sleigh and drive fast as you can to the Nienaber farmhouse. It's two miles down the road. Dr. Berg is there. Pick him up."

There was a silence into which Teckla could read only one meaning.

"You know, Joey, if there's one man in town you can trust it's Dr. Berg."

"I know, Teckla. But you mean that—that the doctor has been wanted at the house—to-night?"

"Yes, Joey. Badly."

There came a muffled "Thank you," the swift soundless replacing of the receiver on its hook.

She stepped to the other end of the board.

"In the name of Gott, what goes on up there, anyway? Are you shleeping, drunk or dett? What about my call! What about Chicago? Here is it twenty minutes to eleffen and you——"

"I just got a line to Chicago, Mr. Hoffman. I'll put through your call immediately. . . . Hello Three Corners, give me Duck Creek again . . . . Hello, Duck Creek, Winnesaukee calling Chicago. . . . *Hel*-lo Chicago! *Hel*-lo."

The Chicago operator's voice sounded like a broken sob from Antarctica.

"Winnesaukee, Wisconsin calling Isadore Bloch, Hotel Calvert, Winnesaukee, Wisconsin calling Isadore Bloch, Hotel Calvert. *Can you hear me, Chicago?*"

"I can hear you, Winnesaukee!"

Teckla waited another five minutes, opened a cam lane down which rushed the fury of the Lake Michigan gale.

"Hello, Winnesaukee? Mr. Bloch left the Hotel Calvert fifteen minutes ago for the Sturtevant. Shall I try to reach him there?"

"Right!"

Teckla switched keys.

"I've located Mr. Bloch, Mr. Hoffman. He's at the Hotel Sturtevant. They're calling him to the 'phone."

"My Gott, don't let go of him! Hang on to him! It's twenty minutes after eleffen already. He went to the Sturtevant for one reason only—to make a deal for the Starret. Shtick by him, understand me? I'll buy you the biggest box of candy in Winnesaukee. No, by Gott, I'll order it from Chicago. The biggest——"

"Central," said Teckla plugging in on Greenwood Sanitorium.

"Operadah! This is Madam Marga Freiburg again. Do you understand who it is calling? Madam Marga Freiburg of the Metropolitan Opera Company. I'm calling my daughter Charlotte in New York. I fell on the ice coming out of the Hotel Northwestern und I'm in a cast at Greenwood Sanitorium. I vish to hear my daughter sing *La Bohème*. I——"

"Yes. Madam Freiburg, hold the wire? Hello Chicago! Mr. Bloch has left the Sturtevant? He's gone back to the Hotel Calvert? Will you keep after him? Right . . . Hello, Mr. Hoffman. Mr. Bloch has left the Sturtevant and gone back to the Hotel Calvert. . . . Why, Mr. Hoffman. Why, of course, Mr. Hoffman. I'll do that, Mr. Hoffman. *What?* Certainly I know!

"Hello Chicago. Winnesaukee, Wisconsin calling Charlotte Freiburg, Municipal Opera House, New York. Right! . . . Just a moment, Madam Freiburg."

There came a complete lull in office and on wire. The line to Chicago sang with a sustained high-pitched resonance. Teckla listened to the intimate assuring sound of it as she had done for twenty years, enjoying at once its efficiency, thrilling anew to the pure fascination of it.

She went back to the board, took her customary stance and rang Chicago. The operator did not answer immediately. Not strange, thought Teckla, on such a night. She rang again and again.

Meyer Hoffman's light came up, flashing peremptorily. Teckla plugged in but she did not open the cut-out key. The unprecedented occurrence of the Thorkelson light coming up just then stayed her. With a quick jab she picked up the signal. Her brother Sven's gruff voice mumbled an uncertain "Hello?"

"What's the matter, Sven? What you calling for this time of night?" Her breath caught anxiously.

"Why," Sven muttered, "I don't know. I heard the horses whinnying, and when I looked out the window I saw a man prowling around the barn. I just thought I'd call in and tell you. Nothing unusual going on roundabout?"

"Nothing at all, Sven. What—did he do, that man?"

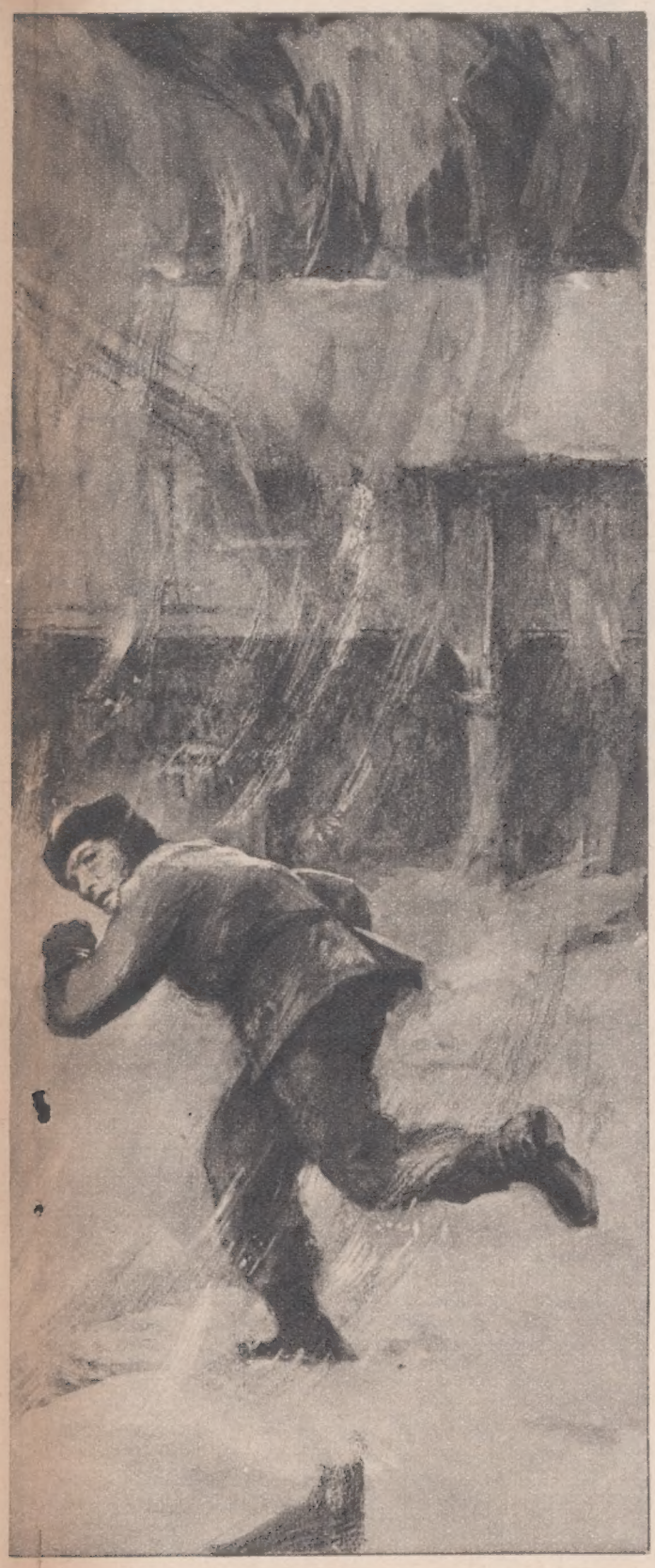
"I fired off my shotgun through the window and he ran away."

"Away? Into the storm?"

"Yes. He ran toward Hintzler's. I didn't hit him. He was going too fast. Well, all right, Teckla. Good-night."

"Good-night, Sven."

Teckla pulled out the plug and absent-mindedly inserted it in Hoffman's jack.



"I fired my shotgun through the window and he ran away"

"In the name of heffen where haf you been? I was ringing here ten minutes!"

"I didn't get your signal, Mr. Hoffman."

"That's what you always say. All night, all day, you don't get my signal. What about Chicago. Haf you got any report yet?"

"Not yet. I'm trying to get the Chicago operator now."

"Sure. When I poke you up then you're trying to get the Chicago operator. What do you do up there all the time, schleep?"

"Not any more than fifty minutes out of every sixty."

"Yah? Well, don't get so schmart about it. Keep on ringing. Ring her ear off. Here I shtay till you get her!"

Teckla rang. It occurred to her then that the song of the wire had changed. The resilience, the mystery was gone. There obtained only the dull vacuous sound of a potential sound. The human factor was missing.

Her feet tightened around the legs of her chair. She bore down on the button with her hard thumb. But no one answered. Neither Chicago nor Duck Creek. She opened the cut-out key on Meyer Hoffman's connection.

"Mr. Hoffman," she said in her impassive Nordic voice, "my line to Chicago has gone as dead as a door nail."

"*What?* What's that you say?" Teckla closed the cut-out key. When she thought the outburst of abuse and profanity had spent itself she opened it again and put in her quiet piece of advice.

"Don't get so wrought up, Mr. Hoffman. A lineman is working on that Chicago wire now. It's bound to be okay in a short time. You stay right here and I'll report to you minute by minute."

She glanced at the clock. It was twenty minutes to twelve. Her thoughts were only remotely upon Hoffman now. Joey. What about Joe Cameron? It was an hour since she had talked to him. What had happened to Joey and Dr. Berg?

She rang Three Corners. She rang steadily, staring with a withdrawn mingling of preoccupation and scorn at Hoffman's protesting red light. But she could not even raise Three Corners now. The world was glacial. Its last wire nerve hung insulated in ice.

The humour of the two flashing lights, Hoffman's and Freiburg's, suddenly struck Teckla. This was really funny. If Freiburg didn't get New York she would sue Hoffman for falling on the ice in front of his hotel. And probably collect, too! And if Hoffman didn't get Chicago he lost the deal of a lifetime. Coming and going, Hoffman was catching it.

For a long time Teckla sat watching the two waiting lights. She looked at the clock. It was a minute to twelve. She cut in on Hoffman's connection. A monologue, punctuated with deep sighs and weary oaths, fell on her ear.

"I'm ringing, Mr. Hoffman," she reported methodically. "I'm ringing, Madam Freiburg."

She sat there watching the clock with a quizzical expression on her homely features. She watched the hands crawl with incredible swiftness to the top until both met there in a gesture of consummation. Then Teckla knew that the opera was over, the deadline was passed.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hoffman. I'm sorry, Madam Freiburg." She spoke into both opened cams at once. "My line to Chicago has been dead since half-past eleven."

When they were gone Teckla got up, took off her headpiece and gently rubbed her inflamed ear. She lifted the lid of the coffee pot and a pillar of aromatic steam spiralled out.

From her tin lunch box she took a big square of cheese, and from the cupboard a cup and saucer. She placed these articles on one end of the toll switchboard and began to eat her repast.

The Cameron light came up. She hastily put on her headpiece and plugged in on the jack.

"Yes?" she said breathlessly.

It was Dr. Berg's voice that answered her.

"I'm calling for Joey," he said softly. "Mrs. Cameron is gone. Joey wanted me to thank you."

"Then he saw her in time?"

"Yes."

"I'm so glad! What did he tell her? Surely not that he had escaped!"

"No. He told her he was free."

"Ach, the poor boy!"

"That poor kid out there on top of a telephone pole"

"Teckla," said Dr. Berg, "give me the police station."

With all her being Teckla rebelled at putting up that connection. But she plugged in on the old familiar number, ringing with a firm thumb. Then she listened in dutifully.

"Captain Harper, this is Dr. Berg. I've got a man you'll be looking for in the morning. Joe Cameron. He escaped from Waupun to-night. . . . Hold on there a minute! I don't think you're going to want him long. Remember that little McNulty girl Rex Hoffman used to run around with? She was in that sleigh the lorry smashed into to-night . . . Yes, hurt badly. Well, she thought she was dying, and she told me something. I'm going to tell you now—it might induce you to let Joey spend the night beside his mother. It was Hoffman's son who cleaned out the hotel safe that night. He and the girl spent the wad together before he left for Havana. She's at Duck Creek. Emergency Hospital. You can go there for verification. Does Joey stay? Thank you, Captain Harper."

From midnight until two Teckla sat listening to the storm dying over Winnesaukee. Then a light came in. She adjusted her headpiece and picked it up.

"*Hel*-lo, Winnesaukee! *Hel*-lo!" It was the eerie voice of the lineman.

"For heaven sakes Jerry! Where have you been?"

"Where've I been! Out here at the Hintzler farmhouse!"

"What happened to my line to Chicago?"

"What happened to my truck!"

"Your truck?"

"My truck and all my equipment! Can I put up a line to Chicago without equipment?"

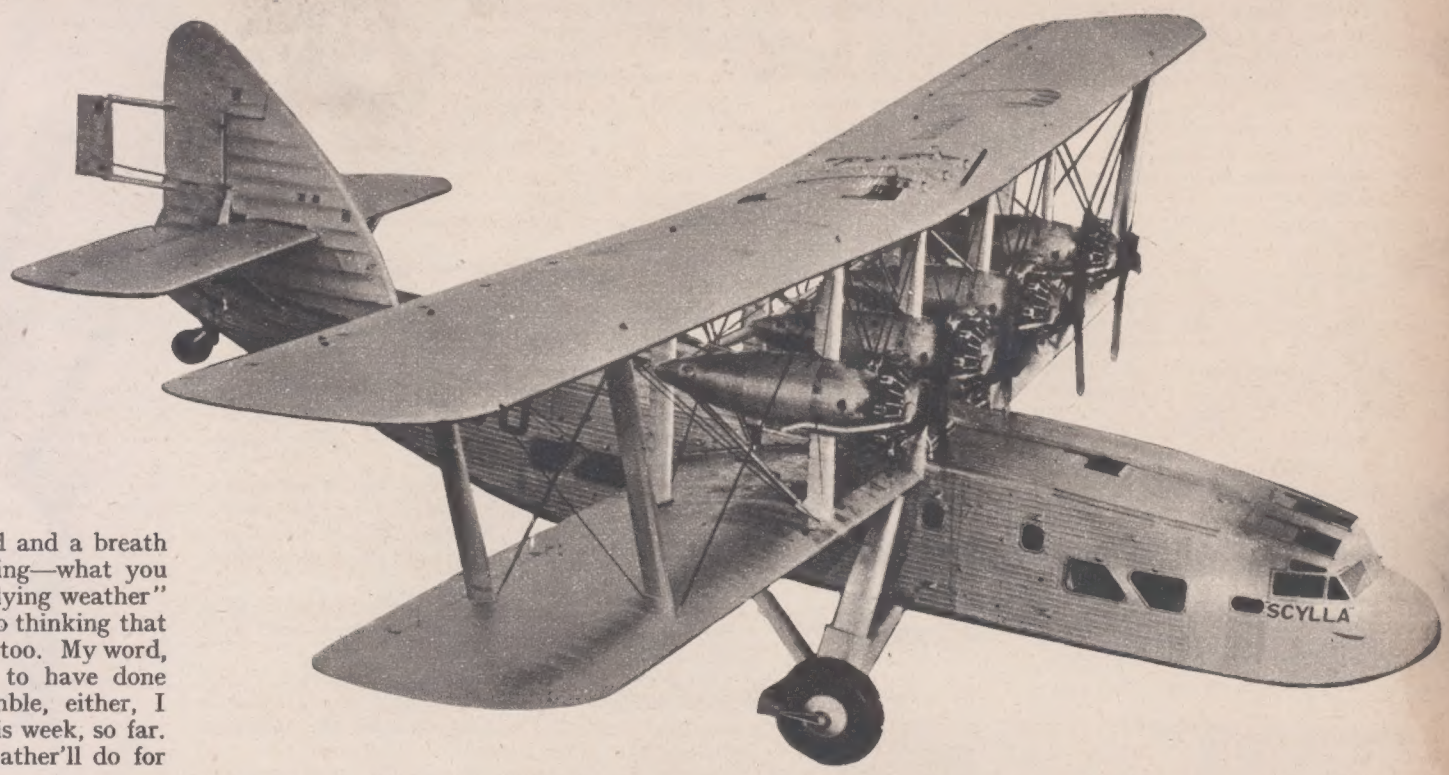
"Well, what happened to it?"

"Someone ran off with it. I went up to the Hintzler house to get help in the gale and when I got back someone came scooting down the road from your place and made off with my truck. Here's your line to Chicago, Teckla. *Hel*-lo, Chicago! *Hel*-lo! Everything okay, thank you!"

A long time after, a very long time after Jerry must have climbed down from the pole, Teckla said: "Right, Jerry. Everything okay."

J. MURRAY SMITH

in this article in the "Thinking Aloud" series, interprets the thoughts of F. A. E. ("Jeff") Jefcoate, the prince of air-line stewards who has flown over 1,000,000 miles without mishap and is known to every regular traveller on the Croydon-Paris route



Flying Man's Food

WISP or two of cloud and a breath of wind this morning—what you might call "ideal flying weather" if you were given to thinking that way. Sun's grand, too. My word, look at those hollyhocks. Seems to have done *them* a bit of good. Can't grumble, either, I suppose. Full load every trip this week, so far. Wonderful what a spot of fine weather'll do for trade.

What's that noise? Plane? No, a car coming over the crest. Sounds mighty powerful—and it *is* travelling! Better get across, quick. Here it comes—seventy at least—and *what* a row. Ah, well, there's not much about on the roads yet, and this is the right kind of stretch for putting your foot down.

Hullo, nearly eight by the aerodrome clock. Get across to quarters and climb into the old uniform. There's plenty to do this morning—that load last trip emptied the larder all right.

Ah, young Mason's here already. He's stand-by, but Jerry'll show up soon.

"Morning, Mason. What's on the journey sheet?"

Now, then—that button's a bit loose; fix it later—for some work. What, only twenty-five? H'm. Allow for twenty-eight, case of one or two last-minute bookings. Daresay they'll be thirsty people by the feel of the sun. Get the "wine cellar" in good order.

Round to the kitchen, sharp then. Cook seems cheerful.

"Morning, George. All set? Good. Twenty-five of 'em this morning—say, twenty-eight. I like the look of those chickens; better give me three—that's eighteen portions. All right, Mason, take 'em away. And *hors d'oeuvres*, ham, beef, salad, sweets, cheese—another camembert, please—and make sure the coffee's truly piping when it goes in the flasks."

Nearly scalded myself on it yesterday—but it's better to keep 'em up to scratch. Can't start heating things "upstairs." Now, what was I trying to think of—er—um—I know!

"Let me have some horse-radish sauce, will you, George? Thanks."

Nearly forgot. Old Mr. Skinner's travelling this morning, and food's not food to him without his spot of radish. Now, trot across the tarmac.

My, oh my! Of all the lovely pictures in the world, shall I ever get over this ship! Look at those engines gleaming in the sun, the spread of her wings, the line of her! And they say that seamen get sentimental.

Spick and span inside already. That's good. Now, Mr. Skinner likes number four—slip a tab on the seat while I think of it. And those two regulars from Manchester—put them up here, for'ard. Don't seem to know the other names, so we'll just sort them out comfortably. Twenty-five—without allowing for extras—that'll be eleven for'ard, fourteen aft.

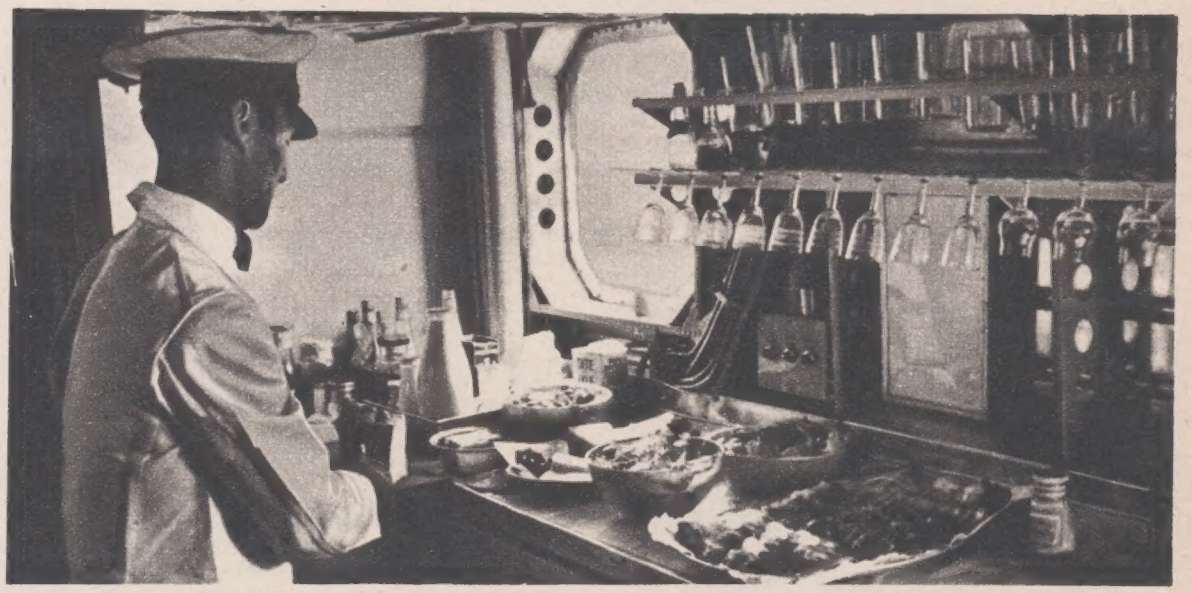
Just lay out these things a little straight in the galley. Time Jerry was aboard—ah, think of the devil.

"All right, Jerry. See that all the stuff down to us comes over from the kitchen, will you? And bring the stock book and receipt book for me to check up and sign."

This morning has passed quickly, and we're only just ready.

B-r-r-r-r—

Ah, engines being started. That means twelve-twenty exactly. Ten minutes to get all the passengers aboard—and here they come. One thing about this new tunnel; they can get aboard without getting their heads blown off. Ah!



Preparing lunch in an air-liner's "galley"

"Good morning, sir. That's right, sir—your usual seat forward. Yes, in front, madam. Your seat card, please. No, the big card. That's it. Eleven? Yes, to your right, the first seat. Your card, sir?"

Seen this big fellow before somewhere. He's travelled several times, but—oh, yes. Had his wife with him last time.

"Quite right, sir. On the left. Thank you."

Ah, his lordship's travelling "incog." "Mr. Lowe" my eye! Thought I didn't know the name—but I know *him* all right. Wonder what's the idea; not as though he was a film star, like that one last week.

Here come the cameras, all sealed in the bags. They'll stay in this corner safely till we land. Now, take the log book forward. Jerry's in the galley, case anyone rings already. Some of 'em do, to see if their bell works.

Skipper's aboard. So's First Officer. Just about one minute, now—yes, they're taking the chocks away.

"Log Book, skipper. Ay, a grand day. Wind behind us? Thought so. Might get a few heat bumps, though. Well, all set, sir. Everyone safely stowed, eleven for'ard, fourteen aft."

Now back to the door and make sure it's bolted. Shoot them well home—*one* . . . *two*. Watch the control tower—there's the flash, and we're away.

Stay here until we're in the air. Taxi-ing to the edge of the ground, on the Purley side. That means a following wind all right—we'll take off the opposite way, and turn.

Never saw the grass look so green—what are we waiting for—ah! that D.H. taking off—now, exactly 12.30. Here we go.

Don't think there's a single "first-timer" aft—may be one or two for'ard, perhaps. Takes a seasoned flier to read a paper from the moment he sits down. This lot look like a study class.

We're climbing on the turn—wind's helping us round. Daresay we'll go up to eight or nine thousand, or the heat'll give us a rough passage.

There's the Brighton road and the railway line—so we're set for the coast. *Ah!*—bump number one. That brought all the papers down for a moment! Get for'ard, now and see what's——.

"Beg pardon, madam? No, ma'am, that's quite usual. A tremor or two, nothing more. Due to the warm air rising, you know. Cotton wool? Certainly."

Bless me, it's weeks since I made the old speech. So she *was* a first-timer, after all. Someone ought to tell her about the cotton wool, though. Not my job, of course. Might have a notice: "There is no noise, only vibration. Cotton wool will merely

"Takes a seasoned flier to read a newspaper from the moment he sits down"

tickle your ears, but you may have it if you like it."

Enough of this. There's the first bell, and here's where we——.

"All right, Jerry. See what it is."

Just open this new vermouth in case there's a run on cocktails. . . Oh, coffee. Right.

"Open up a flask of coffee, Jerry. I'll do the rest."

Just prepare a few grapefruit; sideways and through. Put 'em on the ice-box. Ah, there's a pip in this half—out you come. Cup, saucer, spoon. Plates—come out! Rolls. Butter. Enough for the first tray.

"Right, Jerry. Off you go."

Just set the preserves where he can pick them up—so. *Ting*. Bell again.

Get out and see what's wanted—someone for'ard.

"Steward, sir? Coffee? Certainly, sir."

He's soon started. Darn good thing we brought an extra flask—he'll want about six cups. Always does. What's the lady want . . . ?

"No, madam, that dial indicates *air* speed."

Lord knows what she wants to write 'em all down for. . . . Perhaps she's a teacher—looks it.

Now, then. Cup, saucer, spoon, serviette, tray. He never takes biscuits. Hot milk—so. Sugar—and away we go.

"Thank you, sir."

It's usually catching . . . ah, thought so. Now they all want it. And I haven't even started getting the lunches ready.

"Certainly, sir. And for you, too, madam? Certainly."

Certainly my eye! Why can't they wait till a civilised hour for coffee. Still, it's good for trade.

"Come on, Jerry. Lay those cups along, sharp's the word. Nine of 'em up there screaming for coffee." Damn, that's hot! "Right, you take those. I'll do the rest.'

Trouble about a little rush like this—you forget how quickly the time goes. Wouldn't do to land with half of em in the middle of lunch. . . .

Where are we? Let's take a peep—ah, there's Tunbridge Wells already. *Ting*. There's the bell again, aft this time. Oh, I see, the lady.

"Cocktail, madam? Certainly. Silver Wing, Bronx Manhattan—Silver Wing? Thank you."

Shaker, here now. This . . . and this . . . and a spot . . . of that. A couple of bits of ice—a few—good—shakes—and out she comes. Just enough to the rim of the glass, too. Ah, here's Jerry.

"Served those coffees, lad? Good, well tip that ice away—that's it—and here's a Silver Wing for the lady in seat fourteen. Leave her a bill, too."

Time to think about the lunches, now. Where are the menus—ah, good—Jerry can take them round; and I'll need about a dozen soup-cups, a dozen plates for *hors-d'oeuvres*. Meanwhile, just give a final polish to a couple of glasses, because those Lancashire chaps'll call for their beer any moment now. *Ting*. I'll wager that's 'em now.

Lunching a thousand feet above the English Channel

"Light ales? Yes sir. And a whisky and splash for you, sir."

"We're well up towards ten thousand by the look of the country—ay, there's the coastline, quite a few miles ahead. Should pass over Bexhill this route. . . .

"Take them out, Jerry. Beers to the Lancashire lads, and the whisky right behind them."

Reckon I'll go forward for the E.T.A., while Jerry collects the lunch orders. Better to know just what time you've got to work in. . . .

Just give a knock—first'll open up.

"How are we going, skipper? Time ready yet? Good, thank you."

He'll be coming back for a few moments, soon. Meanwhile, just make a note of it—here we ar ——

"Exact time of arrival: two thirty-five."

So this wind'll save us at least ten minutes. Not bad, but it means a rush for us. Get down to it, then.

"How many lunches, Jerry? Twenty-two, eh. Well, don't forget Mr. Skinner's sauce. Liver-sausage sandwich for one. Right." *Ting*. "See what that is."

Nine taking soup. Get them out, first. Now the *hors-d'oeuvres*—sardines, potato salad. . . .

"Another cocktail, eh. Right—take the first course along and leave it to me."

◆ ◆ ◆

"Ah, here you are, skipper. Everyone seems happy, and we're making good time. You're looking pleased to-day. Got that new car? Well, that's grand."

Reckon it would give anyone confidence to know he was up there for'ard—look at the way the women glance, sideways. . . . Same thing in a ship.

"Coming, sir."

Good thing we brought an extra Camembert—they would all choose the same cheese . . . what's that?

"No, sir, that's Beauvais. The river Oise? That's further on—you'll see it winding across the country from that direction. When we pass over it we start descending towards Paris. We'll arrive at twenty-five to three. How do I know? Pilots work it out exactly, sir. Thank you, sir."

Just make out the other bills, then.

"Here you, Jerry—hand 'em round."

Now, where are the landing cards . . ? Here we are—get them out in time for them all to fill in. Don't suppose more than one or two have French passports.

"That's it, sir. Sign there and take it with you to the passport barrier."

Jerry can explain to the others—shows they haven't crossed for a little while, anyway, or they'd know about this idea.

How much in the "float?" Had a pound's worth of silver in this pocket—that's right—and this close change . . . seven, eleven, sixteen, twenty-one . . . and four sixpences, twenty-three . . . and about five of copper. Good; well, as long as they don't all fish out pound notes . . . !

Hullo, we're dropping already—h'm, be there in ten minutes—get a move on —.

"Four and six—ten shillings. Five and five's ten—thank you, sir." That's a good start, anyway. "With the cocktails—two lunches—twelve shillings. Quite right, sir, thank you."

"Do you mind, madam? Thank you very much. . . ."

We're dropping in nicely—always know who's handling this crate. Think it was a Moth the way he tucks her down into the corner of the drome—no, he's making another circuit. . . .

Think that's all the money in. Just check up on the tickets, quickly—Jerry never misses one, though. Yes, all here; twenty-five exactly.

Here we come, now, good and smooth. Wheels—just—touching—*grand*. Well, that's another one over. Get down towards the door while we're taxi-ing across.

Slip this bolt back, ready. Now, she's still. Other bolt—come out! Here's the gangway——.

"Right, that's fine."

And the time? Two-five to the stroke—of course.

"No, take that with you, sir. Have your passport ready, please."

"Thank you, sir. Afternoon, sir. . . ."

Get across the way with these cameras, now. Jerry can start straightening up the galley. There's Skipper coming down the ladder.

My word, that car makes a row—and it *is* travelling! Same one going back—no, of course, that was a different car—on the other side. . . .

The end of the journey. . . .

Danger Signal

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete on this page

by

Eric D. BRAND

ELIZA BROOK waited with her head out of the window for the familiar whistle of the 10.25. To her left the city of Banchester sprawled invisible, its drab, smoke-begrimed buildings hidden temporarily by the kindly darkness. The summer night was warm with the airless heat of miles of straggling brick, and only a faint sheen indicated the twin rows of metals that ran past the end of Eliza's garden—those metals that, for Eliza, were the source of Romance, since on them twice a day rode Jim Denny.

She was thinking of him now, the handsome, amusing, cynical Jim, who, at forty-two was one of the smartest drivers on the Mid-Western Line. Three months ago they had given him the Banchester Flier—that made the 166 miles to London in three hours dead. It was a feather in his cap and Eliza was proud of him; far prouder indeed than of her own husband.

Sam Brook was just a signalman : a dull, plodding man who could pull levers mechanically, answer the little ringing telephones, and watch the trains rumble past beneath his windows—but who would never get promotion.

For fifteen years now Sam had been signalman at the Westside Box; and no doubt in fifteen years time he would still be there, waiting quietly for his pension. So Eliza told herself, and also that it was Sam's own fault that she had fallen in love with Jim. What did Sam care about beyond his old pipe, his football results, and the turnips and things that he hoed in the garden?

She was only thirty-four, yet she might be sixty-four for all the notice he took of her. She did not remember his unfailing kindness whenever she was ill, his gentle patience when her temper flared—as it did frequently—or his steady, sober ways. She reminded herself determinedly that all Sam wanted was a housekeeper; someone to cook his food, darn his socks, and look after their two children—who, with their quiet, reproving eyes, were so annoyingly like Sam. If she loved Jim Denny it was because Sam Brook had proved himself a failure.

She thought of the first night she met Jim, the night that Sam brought him home from the Labour Club. His eyes had been on her all the while, appraising, admiring, making her feel she still possessed subtlety and attraction. Unconsciously almost, she had flirted a little, impressed by his good looks, and forgetting somehow quite easily that he, also, was married.

Then accidentally one Sunday she met him out. That had begun a series of meetings—not accidental—for Sam was always asleep in the afternoons, when on night duty at the Box, and on Sundays the Flier did not make it's run to London. They walked together in quiet places, and on her return Eliza used to be more flushed of cheek and more irritable than usual. Sam stood it well enough, listening to her tirades without retort, just sucking slowly on his pipe and wondering sadly if their old happy days would ever come back. Eliza did not understand that, of course; she just thought him dull and boorish—a man who could not even stand up for himself—and she began to despise Sam.

Weeks went by, and with her contempt for Sam grew a longing for Jim. She listened more readily to his pleadings, to his insidious reminders that one night a week he was free while Sam was away at the Box. She told herself that she loved Jim as she had never loved Sam, and that anyway when you loved deeply, genuinely, you could do no wrong.

In the end she gave way and one night Jim came in, laughing, with green paint on his hand from the gate which Sam had been painting and forgotten to prop open. She washed it off for him with turpentine, feeling a heady thrill at the warm touch of his flesh under hers. The middle finger was missing, result of an accident years before, but she had felt no revulsion at sight of the puckered flesh; only, lifting his hand to her lips, had kissed it with sudden passion. . . .

A train passed beneath her with a rattle and roar—the 12.8 from Birmingham, its fire-box casting a fan of flickering auburn light against the sky. She knew all the regular trains, that in a little while Jim's engine would show its lights far down the straight stretch of line, its whistle blaring a familiar double screech. It always gave her a curious warmth to watch Jim go by. From her window she could even see his lean, dark face in the glare of the furnace; and sometimes he would wave as he passed the little cottage—like a cavalier throwing her a rose.

She watched a long goods emerge puffing from a branch line and go clanking slowly past, it's component trucks banging and rattling together as it pulled up near the Westside Box. Evidently, she thought, the 12.8 from Birmingham was still in the next section and the goods could not yet be accepted by the Banchester Four Box. She glanced at the clock on the mantel and saw that it was 1.50. Jim's train was due. Always on time he would to-night be held up by the goods.

She leaned farther out of the window, peering down the faintly gleaming stretch of line, expecting to see the distant signal at danger. To her surprise, it still showed green. At the same moment she heard the whistle of Jim's train.

It was nearly a mile away but Eliza's heart missed a beat. With the goods train still stationary in the section, Sam, at the Westside Box, must change his signal to red or there would be disaster.

She watched it with fear tugging at her breast. The lights of Jim's engine showed beyond the signal, the air quivered with an approaching rumble—and still the light showed green. Somehow Sam must have forgotten to stop the 10.25 !

Her mind almost paralysed with horror she watched Jim's train flash past. She saw his face in the glow of the fire and shouted to him, but scarcely heard her own voice above the thunder of the express. The tail light whirled by, and for an eternity she waited, knowing what was to come. She heard it at last : the terrifying sound of metal rearing on tortured metal, the crunching of wood telescoping and splintering, the hiss of steam from a locomotive. . . .

In her nightgown, with only a coat thrown about her shoulders, she was scrambling over the garden fence and running frantically along the track. . . .

There were cries and groans when she reached the wreck, lanterns and candles flickering, a haze of steam. Through it she made her way to the overturned engine of the 10.25. They were dragging Jim and the fireman from the cab, tenderly, cautiously. The fireman was badly cut and bleeding but Jim did not move at all. She heard someone say : "Poor devil——"

She could not bear to watch the distorted shape that had once been the handsome Jim Denny. Her heart was in her throat, choking her. Turning, and almost blind, she went stumbling back along the granite path. Somehow she reached the cottage, climbed over the fence, and sank exhausted into a chair in the kitchen.

Hours passed while she stared at nothing—and presently the door opened and Sam came in. Methodically he hung his cap behind the door and turned to find her watching him.

"So you know what's happened," he said grimly.

She nodded dully.

"I told them that for the first time in fifteen years I'd made a mistake. That I'd forgotten the goods when Bob offered me the 10.25. That I accepted it believing the line was clear."

She nodded again—but now there was fear in her glance : fear of this man with the hard eyes and the grim mouth—whom she had known for fifteen years and yet didn't know. Fear and a growing horror. She tried to voice it, but the words would not come. He saw, however, and knew, and shook his head, while his mouth curved sardonically.

"No," he said slowly, "that's the queer part. I didn't do it on purpose. I actually did forget. I forgot because all the time I was thinking of you and Jim Denny. Oh, yes," he went on, "I knew that Denny had been here. Two nights ago I painted the front gate. Yesterday morning when I came off duty at six o'clock the sun was up and I saw, clear as daylight on the top bar, the print of Denny's hand, the middle finger missing—and I knew that he must have opened it during the last six hours. . . . I guess we've both made mistakes, you and me, but yours was the cause of mine."

Showing the World AROUND

NEVER BEFORE HAVE SO MANY FOREIGN VISITORS "INVADED" BRITAIN; NEVER BEFORE HAS IT BEEN SO NECESSARY FOR US TO LOOK AFTER VISITORS BY GIVING THEM EVERY FACILITY FOR SEEING THE SIGHTS. HERE IS THE STORY OF WHAT IS BEING DONE;

by Oscar E. Millard

"BITTE . . ." A perspiring little man with a bewildered expression and a voluminous wife raised his hat and approached me with a nervous, despairing gesture.

"Bitte . . . Oksvortstrasse?"

"Ja," I replied, airing one of the dozen odd words I know in German.

A glimmer of hope lit up the little man's face, which immediately fell again as I hastily lapsed into English to explain that as Oxford Street was a very long street, which end did they want. They were standing on a corner of one of Bloomsbury's innumerable squares. It was two o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, and not a soul on the dusty horizon.

The little man looked slightly more bewildered than when he had first hailed me, and his wife showed signs of exasperation.

I tried out my best French. The voluminous lady's face brightened. Through the medium of her incredibly bad French, her husband's poisonous English, and elaborate pantomime by all arms, I discovered they wanted to see the big shops.

In a mixture of French, English, and excruciating German I succeeded in making them understand that the big shops all closed at one o'clock on Saturdays.

The voluminous lady glowered at her husband and gave further signs of exasperation. I gathered they had been walking round in small circles for some considerable time. I sketched a rough and probably inaccurate map of the route to Oxford Street, and the little man, who looked as though he was in for a bad time from his wife, thanked me with many *Bitte*, adding, with half an eye on his wife, that "eet vas feree tificult."

He had said a mouthful. It is all very well for American-speaking film stars to go into raptures about our *wurnderful* policemen, but the fact remains that for the ordinary foreign tourist without an escort or a guide-book London is a very difficult place to find his way about.

Said a French man of my acquaintance: "The streets of your great rambling capital seem to lead anywhere or nowhere in particular. Many of its jewels are set in slums, and the approaches to some of its most interesting and important places are so nondescript and unimposing that the unguided visitor will nearly always pass them by. Even your street names seem to have been chosen in defiance of all logic, specially to lead the unwary astray. A street is here, and the Terrace, Crescent and Place of the same name which I expect to find nearby may be scattered about miles away in different districts. Now, in Paris . . ."

Not counting the hundreds of thousands of English-speaking visitors from the provinces and the Dominions, an average of four hundred thousand foreigners, few of whom can speak more than three words of English, come to London every year. How do they get on? Who tells them, when they have lost themselves in the labyrinth of narrow streets and alleys that seam the heart of the City, how to get to Oxford Street or Piccadilly? Who warns them that the big shops shut at one o'clock on Saturdays and the pubs don't open till midday on Sundays?

Who, in short, shows the world its way about London?

Looking into the matter I find that our *poifectly wurnderful* policemen have comparatively little to do with it. Not because they are unwilling, but because, with few exceptions, they are all dumb in any but their mother tongue, and they are far too busy with traffic to be able to use their hands for pantomime.

The Metropolis can, however, claim to possess one source of information for tourists unequalled for scope and efficiency in any city in the world—if only the tourist can find it.

It is a machine for showing the world its way—a mechanical, fully-automatic, chromium-plated guide-book and information bureau combined, known as the Bina Informator. You have only to look down the index to find the question you want answered, press a button, and everything you want to know comes out of a slot printed on a long strip of paper neatly folded to fit into your waistcoat pocket.

As a machine the Informator is simplicity itself; the little wallets of information printed in advance are stacked in holders that are tipped up by the action of the button on a push-rod, thus tipping out one little wallet which falls out of the slot. The real genius of the thing lies in the selection and arrangement of the information, and in thinking out the answers to questions in advance.

Though it made its debut at the Brussels Exhibition last year, it is a British affair and so far London is the only city in the world to have one. Appropriately it has been set up at what we are pleased to call the "hub of the Universe." It is officially estimated that every week seven million people pass the spot where the Informator now stands on the corner of Regent Street and Piccadilly, and since it has been there an average of five thousand people have stopped to press one or other of its 180 buttons every day.

It is the proud boast of the Informator people that, as Mae West would say, they know all the answers. Quite a number of people, including myself, have tried to catch them out, but so far without avail. The machine is not, however, a music hall turn and it is designed primarily to give as much information as possible within the bounds of normality. For example, press the button and you can learn, free of charge, where to buy a hat at nine o'clock on Saturday night, where to have a bone set or have yourself tattooed, where to go to find the most sunshine and where to board out the cat while you're away.

Perhaps you want to know the acreage of London's parks, feeding time at the Zoo or the time of the next 'plane to Paris? Do you wish to buy some carnival novelties, a carnivorous animal, a book in Arabic, or would you prefer to hire a private detective, go to see an all-in wrestling bout, or simply know the way from where you are to where you want to go? Just press the button.

The one drawback about the Informator is that, so far, there is only one of them for all London, so that it's not much use to the tourist lost in the city. When it comes to showing foreigners their way about the streets, the fact remains that despite the Informator, London is still far behind continental capitals, or indeed our own provincial cities and seaside resorts.

As my French friend remarked, quite a number of Paris policemen, though admittedly less imposing in appearance than the London Constable, speak quite passable English and know quite a lot about the history of their capital. Moreover, despite the fact that Paris is a well-planned city and comparatively easy for one to find one's way about in, an excellent plan is provided outside every Metro station, and you can't walk a hundred yards in Paris without finding a Metro. And in the carriages there is a list of all the streets, with the numbers of the houses, served by each station, so that one knows just when and where to get out.

At convenient points in Brussels there are plans with an ingenious arrangement whereby you turn a handle until the street you want appears on an alphabetical list. Then by moving an indicator arm across the plan to correspond with the code-letter opposite your street name in the index you find the place you are looking for neatly framed on the plan in a window cut in the indicating arm. The charm of this instrument is that it works in any language

(*Please turn to page* 13)

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A bar thickly and lusciously coated with chocolate rich and milky—a delight in itself to think of . . . this flaunting chocolate-wealth but a mere casing for a broad and deep slab of solid, crunchy, scrumptious *something*—suggesting an ideal combination of old fashioned toffee at its grandest (with the *real* flavour) and "butterscotch" at its lightest and crispest . . . then this masterpiece of confectionery, called (for want of a sublimer word) candy, flavoured well and plentifully with choice almonds . . . CREST!

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Continuing

Showing the World Around

because its operation demands only common sense.

The authorities in several provincial cities in England have already adopted this eminently useful device, but not so London. Apart from some inadequate little maps showing the streets within a quarter-mile radius of each Underground station, the only readable map of the whole of London's intricate thoroughfares that I have been able to discover is at Charing Cross.

For the past year the London County Council has been seeking powers and means to advertise London and provide more facilities for tourists. So far they have not succeeded and, to my knowledge, there is only one Borough that has gone ahead and put up maps of its own district.

Eager though we are to encourage foreign visitors, and to this end the British Travel Association sends out every year more than half a million descriptive booklets of England's attractions, there is no doubt that foreign touring for the Englishman has been made far easier than English touring for the foreigner.

It may not surprise you, but it did me to learn that being an official guide is not one of those jobs people do because they can't find anything better. It is, on the contrary, a reasonably well-paid job demanding considerable study. The man who stands up in front of the motor-coach and tells you to look "on our left, ladies and gentlemen . . ." is, if he belongs to a big tourist agency, a man of some education and considerable erudition earning in the neighbourhood of five pounds a week. Each man has to pass a severe test of his knowledge of the district he is going to cover. It appears that there is a shortage of good guides, and a special course has just been started at the North-Western Polytechnic for the purpose of giving systematic training to would-be guides.

The biggest plum in the guide business is a post as Courier with one of the big tourist agencies. Couriers have to know at least three languages perfectly and most of them speak five fluently. They are all well-educated men, most of them ex-officers with a special knowledge of the countries they work in.

Notwithstanding world-wide organisations with their couriers, local guides and multi-lingual interpreters, and the ever-growing popularity of conducted tours, the sale of guide-books shows no decline.

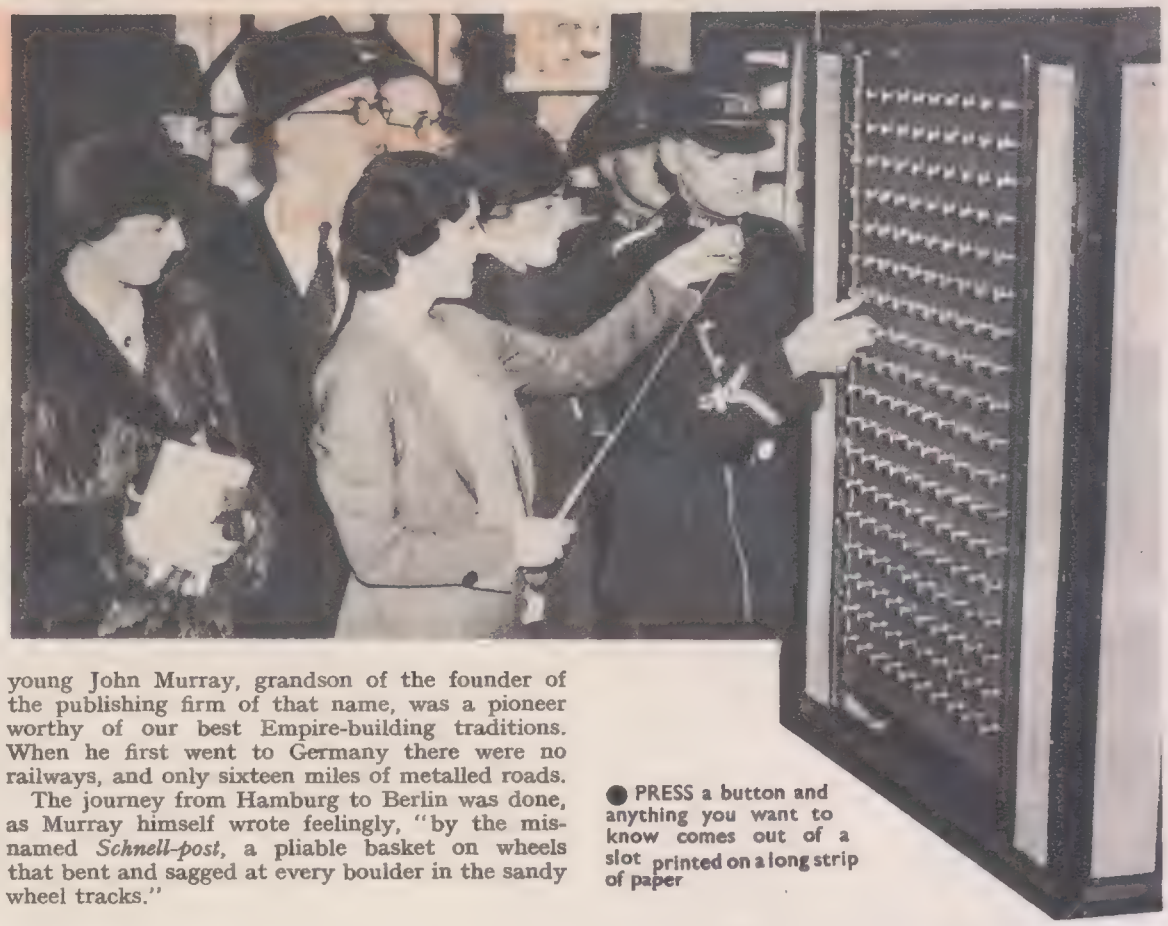
In this branch of the business of showing the world its ways Baedeker still retains his pre-eminent position. For the last hundred years the Baedeker family has devoted itself exclusively to the publication of its tri-lingual *vade mecum* for travellers, and it will probably still be at it a hundred years hence, for it aims at nothing less than covering the whole of the civilised world.

Grandfather Karl started it way back in 1835 when he produced his first book on the Rhine, which has since run into more than seventy editions. And the way he went about compiling it is typical of the methods still used to-day by his three grandsons. He travelled about, month after month, up and down the Rhine, nosing through local records and staying at every inn and hostelry, making copious notes of the smallest detail of their management. He always travelled incognito, and members of the firm still have to travel incognito. If they didn't they would always be given the best bedroom at half price and the manager would forget to put the extras on the bill. Favourable mention in a Baedeker is worth a lot.

Baedeker was not, as most people imagine, the originator of the guide book as we know it to-day. John Murray conceived the idea in 1829, and in 1836, one year after Karl Baedeker published the results of his ramblings on the Rhine, he produced his first "Handbook" to the Low Countries. It was this Handbook, rather than Baedeker's own slim guide to the Rhine, which became the prototype of the Baedeker guide book. For it was John Murray who first realised the importance of eliminating the wheat from the chaff in sightseeing and who first adopted the method of laying out well-defined Tours, or Routes as he called them.

Sightseeing on the continent in the eighteen-hundreds was something of an adventure, and young John Murray, grandson of the founder of the publishing firm of that name, was a pioneer worthy of our best Empire-building traditions. When he first went to Germany there were no railways, and only sixteen miles of metalled roads.

The journey from Hamburg to Berlin was done, as Murray himself wrote feelingly, "by the misnamed *Schnell-post*, a pliable basket on wheels that bent and sagged at every boulder in the sandy wheel tracks."



● PRESS a button and anything you want to know comes out of a slot printed on a long strip of paper

When he reached Hungary he found there were no steamers on the Danube, but this did not stop the intrepid traveller from exploring its beauties for the benefits of future tourists. He describes how he went down the river in a timber barge, "over reefs and whirlpools," visited the subterranean caves of Adelsberg to see if the famous eyeless fish were worthy of mention, and went down the quicksilver mines of Idria, "in which it is death to work more than six hours a week," to see if they were suitable for inclusion in his Route.

At that time the only guide book published in English was one on Italy, compiled by a Mrs. Starke, apparently a very knowledgeable lady. According to John Murray "it was a singular medley of classical lore interwoven with details regulating the charges in washing-bills at Sorrento and Naples, and an elaborate theory on the origins of Devonshire cream proving that it was brought by Phoenician colonists from Asia Minor to the West of England."

Though Murray undoubtedly laid the foundations to the business of showing the world its way, he suffered the fate of many pioneers. His best ideas were adopted by Karl Baedeker and the whole generally improved and perfected to such a degree that to-day no one has ever heard of John Murray's "Handbooks for Travellers," while there is no one who has not heard of Baedeker.

In the early editions Baedeker himself acknowledges his indebtedness to "the most distinguished Guide-book ever published, Murray's Handbook for Travellers, which has served as the foundation for this little book." As time went on, however, he dropped the acknowledgment but continued plagiarising Murray, extracting and translating whole passages. This rather peeved Murray, who wrote an article in *Murray's Magazine* in 1889 in which he argued his claims to the paternity of the guide book idea, and to make his point caught Baedeker bending in some of his translations.

Describing one of the Swiss valleys, Murray, from personal observation, had written in his Handbook, "The slate rocks here are full of red garnets." Herr Baedeker, describing the same place in his Guide, wrote, "The slate rocks here are overgrown with red pomegranates."

While John Murray lived, his rather pompous but intensely interesting Handbooks for Travellers were a huge success, and he had some of the greatest writers and travellers of his time writing for him about places as remote as Syria. But when he died the firm seems to have made no attempt to keep them up-to-date, and when Baedeker started publishing his Guides in English, Murray's Handbooks went out of favour.

To-day those famous Handbooks are rare curiosities, while Baedeker's sales have run into millions, the list of the various editions occupying no less than twenty-one pages in the big General Catalogue in the British Museum Reading Room.

The work of producing one edition of Baedeker is colossal, the editor of the English edition told me. It took five years to compile the latest United States guide and cost more than £50,000. The cost of issuing a revised edition may run into as much as £10,000.

The reason is that every detail is obtained from personal observation and inquiries made by one of the three brothers Baedeker or their staff. Since the days when old Karl Baedeker in his haste converted Murray's garnets into pomegranates the firm has acquired such a reputation for accuracy that they spend huge sums in checking and cross-checking their facts rather than relying on second-hand information. They even make their own maps and plans.

By reference to their files in the little office at Leipzig where the three grandsons work with a staff numbering only twenty-five, they can tell you the family history of every hotel ever mentioned in their books for the last hundred years. Their file of hotel bills, annotated and sent in by tourists, would make interesting reading for some hoteliers!

While inquiring into this business of showing the world its way I learned a curious fact in connection with guide books. It would seem that they are a very popular form of literature among our outposts of Empire. People order guides to the English counties as Christmas presents for people living in the colonies, and one firm said they had a customer in Rhodesia who buys every new edition.

These homesick exiles are among the severest critics of these books; one man wrote from Australia questioning the times given for Sunday services at the Welsh Church in the City!

NEXT WEEK

The daring young man on the flying trapese is in no way more courageous than the dozen or so air-minded men who are preparing for the year's most intriguing air race.

They have entered for the Gordon Bennett Balloon Race, and when they launch themselves into the air in a fortnight time, they never know when and where they will land.

The humours and tragedies of this strange race are told by Miles Henslow in

"They Sail through the Air with the Greatest of Ease."

Also, there is another Savaran Adventure and other stories by Will Scott, Gilbert Horsler, G. Josephs, with four pages of laughter.

MOLLY O'ROURKE solves the problem of an unwanted husband

by FRANK KING

What the EYE Doesn't See

EVERYONE in Ward Six smiled as Molly O'Rourke entered it. This was quite a habit in the Royal Edward Hospital. It seemed natural, somehow, to cheer up when the youthful almoner, with her flaming red hair and dancing blue eyes, came anywhere near.

Molly looked round the ward, her gaze settling eventually on a bed in the corner. A constable sat by this bed; but as she approached, he grinned respectfully at her and moved his chair a little distance away.

She stood looking down on the pale, yet sweet-faced patient, a woman just over forty with tired careworn features.

"Doctor Forest tells me you're doing quite well now, Mrs. Fraser," she said. "You're out of danger."

"Am I?" The woman smiled faintly. "It seems a shame to take all that trouble."

"You mustn't talk like that." Molly's blue eyes grew stern. "It's not very grateful, you know."

"Oh, I do know! I don't mean that. But I didn't ask anyone to bring me back to life, did I?"

"Some day you'll be glad."

"You're very young, aren't you? It's plain that not much trouble has come your way."

"That's quite true. I've been lucky. And it's why I'm always so anxious to help other people who haven't. Wouldn't you like to tell me all about it?"

"No, thank you," said Mrs. Fraser.

But Molly had a way with her. It was her business to get to know all she could about the patients in the hospital; and, in addition, she had a very quick and human sympathy. It was not often that anyone could resist her when she really tried to gain their confidence. Before long Alice Fraser was telling her why she had taken that dose of salts of lemon.

It was a pitiful story, the story of an ailing husband, of savings gradually being eaten up, of a brave woman fighting for her man.

"I put everything we had into that little café," whispered Mrs. Fraser, giving an address near Hatton Garden. "And we were doing so well. Then Ronald had to go into the nursing home for another operation."

"We should have got over that all right. But—well, there was something else. I can't tell you about it. I've no one but myself to blame."

"You'd better tell me everything, hadn't you? You'll feel better if you do."

"No." The woman looked up at Molly's face and changed her mind. "Yes. I was married before. His name was Richard Gowing. He was a sailor—first mate—when I met him, and hoping to get his master's ticket soon. Soon after we were married, his ship, the *Almantar*, went down with all hands.

"I got work as a waitress. For two years I slaved in a large restaurant. And then I met Ronald—an architect he is. He was doing very well, though he hadn't much money, and we decided to take the risk. For a year or two all went smoothly. I was wonderfully happy, and I thought the Fates had chosen me as one of their favourites. Then they sent in the bill. Ronald was knocked down by a motor car. Something wrong with his spine. Operation after operation. And the money started to ebb away.

"That didn't matter to me." Alice Fraser smiled, and Molly thought her face looked beautiful. "You know what I mean. I should have loved Ronald just the same if we hadn't a cent between us. He was on his back, couldn't work. I had to do something. I bought the little café with the rest of our savings, and we managed to make ends meet.

"A month ago it was decided that he must have still another operation, and he went into the nursing home again. That didn't matter, either—not in the way things matter now. I was worried and anxious, of course, but there was always a chance. And so long as there's a chance—well, you can keep on hoping, can't you?"

"I think you're very brave," said Molly simply.

"I wish I was. Perhaps if I'd had more courage——But it's no use thinking of that now. It's a fortnight ago to-day since he walked into the café."

"He? Do you mean——"

"Yes. Richard Gowing, my first husband.

It was a terrible shock. There's nothing at all doing in the café in the afternoons, and I'd given my two assistants their usual hours off. I was alone when he came in. He told me that he'd not been on the *Almantar* when it sailed. A drunken bout had kept him ashore, a fact of which the owners and the agents were completely ignorant. He laughed about it, thinking it a great joke."

"Why hadn't he come back to you?" asked Molly.

"He didn't want to, he said He was tired of married life—of being tied up. It wasn't long before I realised that he'd gone wrong completely, got mixed up with some criminals who'd ruined him, hardened him."

"Did he know you'd—married again?"

"Yes. He said he'd been keeping his eyes on me. Not that he wanted to cause any trouble, of course—he winked at me as he said this—provided I was sensible."

"He wanted something from you, didn't he?"

"Yes. I couldn't understand it. He said he'd been asked to come here by a man who wanted to buy the café. I said it wasn't for sale. He said it must be. I told him I couldn't think of it—my husband's life depended on it. He laughed again, and said this friend of his must have it by April 30.

"He said this friend was looking for a good investment, and had quite made up his mind that he would have the café. I told him his friend could take his money elsewhere; and at last he went away.

"And then, the next day, he turned up again at just the same time. As before, he ordered a coffee, and sat down to drink it. He said his friend wouldn't be put off, and that I'd have to sell out. When I refused again, his attitude changed. He said he was sorry, but he couldn't help himself. This friend of his had some mysterious kind of hold over him, and he had to do as he was told. Unless I agreed to sell the café, he would be compelled to let Ronald know that—well, that we weren't married.

"He came every day, always with the same request, always with the same threat, choosing the time when he knew I should be alone. Each day he grew more insistent. And yesterday, he said the time was up. His friend would wait no longer. He had brought some kind of legal document with him, and told me to make up my mind once and for all. If I didn't sign there and then, he swore that Ronald should know the truth before the day was out.

"Well, I'd come to the end. Ronald was having his operation that afternoon, and I felt I couldn't fight any longer. I signed the paper, transferring the property. After all, the price offered was quite a decent one. I should still be able to look after Ronald.

"But as soon as I'd signed it, I realised what I was up against. Richard laughed craftily when I asked about the money. There'd be no money, he said, stuffing the document into his pocket. If I was fool enough to sign a paper like that, I wasn't fit to have any money. I pleaded with him. I—I went on my knees to him. But he only laughed the harder. He knew his power over me.

"He told me that if I mentioned a word of this to anyone, he would come back to life. He talked about bigamy, and the effect it would have on Ronald, until I grew crazy. It was murder; because I knew, even if he didn't, that Ronald could not live without the care and attention that money would provide for him.

"Murder!" The invalid's eyes gleamed fiercely. "And there was only one way by which I could stop it. I'm not trying to excuse myself in any way. But *he* had that paper in his pocket. *He* was the only person who could come between Ronald and myself.

"Pretending indifference, I went through to make more coffee for him. On a shelf in the kitchen was a bottle; salts of lemon—strong—which I used for taking stains out of tablecloths. I slipped it into my dress and took the coffee back to him.

"It was hard to make up my mind, but at last I did it. When he turned away to look at something in the street, I poured half the contents of the bottle into his cup. I had just done this when something—I don't know what—made me turn round. I saw that a man had come in soundlessly, a man who was standing just inside the door, staring at me with wide open eyes.

He was going to kill Pom Pom

Illustrated by Greenup

"I knew he had seen what I had done. This was the end of everything. Better to die at once than to stand my trial for attempted murder, and break Ronald's heart completely. I picked up the cup of coffee with the poison in it and drank it. I can't remember any more; it seemed to act straight away. I—I wish they hadn't got me here so quickly."

"You shouldn't say that," murmured Molly, feeling that her speech was absurdly inadequate. "You were in a terrible mess, certainly, but——. Do the police know all about this?"

"I suppose so. But this constable's been very nice. He hasn't bothered me with any questions."

"And Ronald—your husband?"

"Sister rang up the nursing home for me. He's come through the operation all right and he—he's asking for me."

"I'll go and see him for you."

"Oh, bless you! But will you——"

"I shan't tell him anything, except that you're getting better from a rather sudden illness."

Molly went to her own office, rang up Scotland Yard, and asked to speak to Detective-Inspector Pomeroy.

"Hello, Pom-Pom," she said, as soon as she heard his voice. "I'm wondering if you would like to take me out to tea."

"Like it? I've been yearning for it for weeks! How is it this is my lucky day? You're wanting some information, I suppose?"

"Oh, Pom-Pom! How could you? As a matter of fact, I would like you to tell me something."

"I thought so. Well, what is it?"

"There was a woman brought in here yesterday from a little café near Hatton Garden. She'd been drinking salts of lemon and doesn't know how she got here. Actually, she came in a police ambulance. Could you find out all the details for me?"

"Sure, I'll do that. And where shall I meet you for my reward?"

"I suppose you couldn't call here for me?"

"Couldn't I? You just wait and see!"

Molly's blue eyes were wistful as she hung up the receiver. Pom-Pom really was a darling. She knew quite well that he'd help her if it was in any way possible.

After attending to some correspondence, she slipped on her hat and coat and took a taxi to the nursing home in which Ronald Fraser was a patient. A nurse took her up to the small darkened room where he lay, motionless, encased in plaster of Paris.

His face was pallid, but it had the same sweetness and patience as that of his wife. Molly explained her errand.

"I've come to see you on behalf of Mrs. Fraser," she said.

"I've been wondering why she hasn't come. Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Not really. She was taken suddenly ill yesterday and brought into the Royal Edward Hospital. Please don't be alarmed. It's nothing serious. She'll be up again in two or three days. But of course she won't be able to visit you just yet."

"I'm very grateful to you for coming," said Fraser.

When Molly arrived back at the hospital, she found Detective-Inspector Pomeroy waiting for her.

"Sorry I'm late," she apologised. "I've just been to see a most pitiful case. Come along. I'll tell you all about it over tea."

They went to a little café not far away, and ordered tea. In the secluded corner, Molly told something of Alice Fraser's story, omitting, however, any reference to the attempted murder.

Pomeroy's pleasant face grew grave as he listened.

"It certainly is a mess," he said, when she had finished. "And I know what you're after. But I'm afraid it can't be done."

"Why not?"

"Well, the case has already got on to our official records. You see, the constable on point duty not far away from the café was called there, and he ordered one of our ambulances."

"What did happen exactly?"

"That's all. There was a blind man in the café."

"A blind man?"

"Yes. A Thomas Broadribb. He said he'd just gone in when he heard someone fall on the floor. Groping his way across, he found the woman lying there; and not knowing what the trouble was, he went back to the door and spoke to a passer-by who fetched the constable."

"Was there no one else in the café?" asked Molly anxiously.

"Apparently not."

Molly smiled. Strange how Alice Fraser had been prevented from committing murder. Probably no one but herself—and Richard Gowing—knew that the attempt had been made. It seemed that Mr. Broadribb's eyes were going to make things easier.

She dare not tell Pom-Pom that there was more in the case than attempted suicide. He might feel it his duty to report the matter.

"Surely there ought to be some way of preventing that poor woman being charged?" she said. "I've been to see her husband. I'm quite sure it would kill him."

"I'll do what I can," promised Pomeroy. "I'll get the Chief to have a word with the Assistant Commissioner."

So far, so good. But Molly's Irish blood was up, and she was far from content to let matters rest here. When she left Pom-Pom, she returned to the hospital and had another word with Alice Fraser.

"I've been to see your husband," she said. "He's doing very well."

"And you didn't tell him——"

"I said you'd be quite all right again in a day or two." Molly wondered whether to tell about Mr. Broadribb's blindness, but decided against this. It might raise false hopes. "You've no idea where I could find Richard Gowing, I suppose?"

"I haven't. Unless, perhaps—he might be at the café."

"That's worth trying. He'll have a different name, won't he? Do you know it?"

"I don't."

"Well, is there any way I could recognise him?"

"He's tall and rather handsome. Or would be, if he didn't look—well, dissipated. He's lost the middle finger of his left hand. What do you want to see him for? You'll never be able to do anything with him."

"I'm not so sure about that," smiled Molly. "I don't think he'd welcome publicity any more than you would. Anyhow, there's no harm in trying."

"And do you think——" Alice Fraser struggled to sit up, and the eagerness in her face was pathetic. "Do you think we'll be able to—to keep it from Ronald?"

"I don't know yet. But we're going to have a jolly good try."

Next morning, as soon as she had hurried through her correspondence at the hospital, she went along to Hatton Garden and found the little café tucked away between a warehouse and a saleroom. It occupied only the ground floor of the building, the rooms above being let off as offices. Her lips curled angrily as she noticed a placard in the window: "Under New Management." Her blue eyes were fierce as she went in.

The waitress brought her coffee. Molly studied her surreptitiously. The girl seemed very ordinary, typical of her class, not in the least likely to be mixed up with a gang of crooks.

(*please turn to next page*)

Continuing What the EYE Doesn't See

"Is Mr. Gowing here?" asked Molly suddenly.

"Gowing?" The waitress's forehead puckered in a frown. "I don't think I know him, miss."

"He's a tall handsome man with the middle finger of his left hand missing."

"No." The girl shook her head. "I don't know him."

"How long have you been here? I see the café has recently changed hands."

"Yes. Mrs. Fraser, the original owner, was—taken suddenly ill two days ago. Funny business, it was, miss." The waitress leaned over the table confidentially. "There was some talk of suicide; but whether that's true or not, I don't know. Anyhow, when I got back from my afternoon off, I found she'd sold the place, and the new proprietress was already here."

"Oh!" Molly was surprised. "It was a woman who bought it, then?"

"Yes. A Mrs. Bentley."

"Is she here now?"

"She's in the kitchen. Do you want to speak to her?"

"No, thank you." Molly decided that nothing would be gained by showing an interest in Mrs. Bentley. "I rather thought I might see Mr. Gowing here."

"I don't remember him, miss. And I've been here nearly a year now."

"Never mind, then."

Molly gave the girl a small tip and sat sipping her coffee. Apparently, except for the change in the proprietor, the café was going on just as before. It certainly did quite a good business in a small way, but this didn't explain why Richard Gowing and his criminal associates had been so anxious to obtain control of it. Molly had half expected that they might have wanted it as a sort of rendezvous, a blind to cover up their meeting-place. But she could see no indication of this. The customers were obviously business men, drawn from the offices round about.

It seemed so strange that these criminals should go to such lengths to turn Alice Fraser out, stranger still that a definite date should be set. Molly sighed rather wearily. She was disappointed with the result of her visit.

Finishing her coffee, she went out and stood for a few moments in the busy street, glancing round. A poster in the window of the saleroom caught her eye, and she strolled over to look at it.

In a moment a little thrill ran through her. The poster was a very ordinary affair, merely advertising a sale to be held on the third of May. But Molly's blue eyes narrowed as she stood gazing at it.

"It might be," she murmured. "Gracious! What an idea! And it would explain—— If so, it's goodbye to any hope of hushing up Alice Fraser's case. Still——" Her face was troubled. "I must tell Pom-Pom. Whatever happens, I can't let him down. Oh, damn! I wish I'd never come here."

Reluctantly, she found a taxi and drove to Scotland Yard.

About tea-time on the second of May, Molly O'Rourke entered the saleroom next door to the café in Hatton Garden, and asked for Detective Inspector Pomeroy. She was led through into a back room where the inspector sat playing cards with several plain-clothes men, who had drifted singly into the saleroom during the course of the day.

His pleasant face clouded as he saw her.

"What are you doing here, Molly?" he asked, throwing down his cards and crossing to her. "You shouldn't have come."

"I want to be in at the finish."

"But it's no job for a girl. There may be fighting, and——"

"It's no use talking, Pom-Pom," said Molly. "I'm staying."

He noted the determination in her blue eyes and sighed. He had known her long enough to be sure that nothing short of carrying her out would move her.

"Very well," he said. "But you'll have to obey orders."

"Sure!" She dimpled. "I always do."

Mr. Newton, the proprietor of the saleroom, came in. He was a small man, agitated, obviously nervous.

"I don't like this, Inspector," he quavered. "It's taking a risk."

"Don't you worry, Mr. Newton. Everything will be all right."

"I can't see why you don't arrest these criminals at once."

"The reason is very simple. It's just because we've nothing against them yet."

"But you know they're after the diamonds, and——"

"We don't know it," said Pomeroy, very patiently. "We only think they may be. And we're taking every precaution so that if they are, they'll be caught in the act."

Mr. Newton ran a hand through his thinning hair.

"It seems very strange to me," he muttered. "You ask me when I shall have the Mulloy diamonds, which I have advertised for sale, and I tell you they'll be brought here to-day and sold to-morrow. You tell me you have reason to believe that an attempt will be made to burgle my premises to-night, and ask permission for several of your men to hide here. Then you tell me that you've nothing against the criminals."

"Never mind, Mr. Newton. It's rather a complicated business, but you take my word for it that everything will be all right. If we're wrong about these criminals, no harm will have been done. If we're right—well, we shall see that the diamonds are not stolen."

"Surely it would be better to take them to the bank?"

"No. You can be quite sure that you're being watched. If you did that, it might spoil the whole thing. I want you to put them into your safe just as you would if nothing had happened. Lock up your premises as usual, and leave us here to handle matters."

"Oh, very well. I suppose I must do as you say But I—I'm frightened, Inspector."

"Please try not to show it."

Molly sat down, watching the plain-clothes men playing cards. The case of Alice Fraser had taken a strange turn. If her idea was right—and Pom-Pom agreed with her—there would be an attempt to-night to steal the Mulloy diamonds, the sale of which to-morrow had been advertised on that poster she saw.

At first the idea had seemed rather wild. Yet it did offer a reason for the crooks wanting that café so badly. It also explained why they were insistent that they must have it by a certain date. Pom-Pom had had the café unobtrusively watched, and had soon discovered that two or three men were in the habit of remaining on the premises all night. It seemed reasonable to suppose that they were making some kind of communication between the basement of the café and that of the saleroom.

And so a trap was to be laid. If those criminals had, indeed, designs on the Mulloy diamonds, they would find the police waiting for them. After dark, the whole block of buildings would be surrounded and there would be no chance of escape for anyone.

Molly was excited about it all, yet somehow depressed. She knew that she couldn't have done anything else. She'd just had to tell Pom-Pom about that poster. Yet if this robbery were prevented and the criminals caught, any hope of keeping Alice Fraser's secret would be gone. Richard Gowing, in prison, would be sure to betray her. And poor Ronald Fraser, in his plaster of Paris, was still hovering between life and death.

The evening dragged wearily on. Pomeroy felt sure that the crooks could not have noticed the casual arrival of his men, and had every hope that the trap would work. As soon as the saleroom was locked up and Mr. Newton and his assistants had departed, he posted the plain-clothes men in various strategic positions, and set off on a tour of exploration, accompanied by Molly.

There was really nothing very much to see, except the large modern safe built into concrete in a small room at the back of the premises. It seemed quite clear that the crooks, if they were making a way through, would enter into the basement. And here Pomeroy and Molly, after making sure that all exits from the place were closed, settled down to wait.

This was a long weary business, particularly as Pom-Pom's orders were that there should be no talking. He put Molly behind some packing cases in a corner; and very soon she was wishing that she had not come.

But towards midnight, when she was tired and aching in every limb through keeping still, a sudden thrill went through her as a sound of knocking broke into the silence. After a pause, this was resumed, very much nearer. The crooks evidently had made good progress with their burrow. They were beneath the basement now, working their way upwards.

Pomeroy stole silently across to Molly.

"You were right," he breathed. "They'll be here any time now. Promise to keep out of the way in case there's any trouble."

"All right," she whispered. "I will."

She felt almost sick with excitement. Poor Alice Fraser! There wasn't much hope for her now. Still, there was just a chance that Richard Gowing might not be amongst these criminals to-night. But Molly felt it was very slender.

The knocking and the thudding grew louder; and soon a narrow streak of light appeared in the floor, growing wider as a stone was removed. The head and shoulders of a man appeared in the opening. Wriggling through, he flashed an electric torch around, seeing nothing of the police who were crouched behind packing cases.

"Okay, boys," he whispered. "All's clear."

Three more men wormed their way through the opening.

"The safe's upstairs, isn't it?" said one of them.

"Yes," replied the first. "Come on."

They moved towards the door of the basement. This was the moment Pomeroy chose for disclosing his presence. Dashing quickly round to the opening in the floor to cut off their escape, he flashed his torch on them.

"The game's up," he said curtly. "Better not make any bother."

Surprised, the crooks stood in a huddled group, while other lights focused upon them. Molly saw that one of them, a tall handsome fellow, had the middle finger of his left hand missing, and a little sigh escaped her. It had been too much to hope that Richard Gowing might be absent.

But even as she noticed this man, he made a sudden unexpected dash for the door. His fist crashed into the face of the plain-clothes man who stood there, and in a moment, he had vanished into the darkness.

"Watch these others!" yelled Pomeroy, chasing for the door.

Molly scrambled from behind her packing case and dashed after him. She could see the light of his torch as he ran up the stone steps, and she followed as quickly as she could. It was treachery to have such thoughts. But if Richard Gowing did manage to escape . . .

In the darkness upstairs, all was confusion, with flashing beams of light searching in every direction. The chase continued up the next flight of stairs and Molly followed breathlessly. She was just in time to see a dark figure silhouetted against a crimson neon sign showing through an opening at the top of a ladder.

Hurrying up this, she peered out over the roof. The neon sign blinked out, leaving intense blackness behind it.

She scrambled through the skylight and on to the roof. She could see nothing at all. Then the crimson light flashed on again. In its lurid glow she caught sight of Pom-Pom looking round a chimney stack. She saw something else, too—Richard Gowing standing near the edge of the roof, revolver levelled at the inspector's back, and the fierce lust of murder flaming in his eyes.

He was going to kill Pom-Pom! For a fraction of a second, Molly stood petrified with horror. Then, as Gowing's finger crooked round the trigger, she flung her handbag at him.

It caught his hand holding the gun. He staggered back, the revolver blazing harmlessly into the night air. Molly caught a glimpse of the sudden terror in his face as he went over the edge of the roof, and heard his scream. The neon sign winked suddenly out again. In the darkness, the thud which came from the street below sounded particularly dreadful.

"In view of all the circumstances," said Detective-Inspector Pomeroy in his best official manner, "the Assistant Commissioner feels that no useful purpose would be served by charging you with attempted suicide."

"Oh!" Mrs. Fraser's patient face lit up. "Then Ronald won't know?"

"Not until you think it wise to tell him," smiled Molly.

"Oh, I'll never be able to thank you!"

"There's no need, Mrs. Fraser. If you must thank someone, I think it should be Mr. Broadribb, whose sightless eyes prevented you making things so very much worse. Don't you agree, Pom-Pom?"

"Not at all," said Pomeroy gravely. "At any rate, I know who saved *my* life."

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

"She says would you move her over a bit?"

"Is there a blacksmith in the 'house'?"

"I understand he's just finished holidaying in a railway coach."

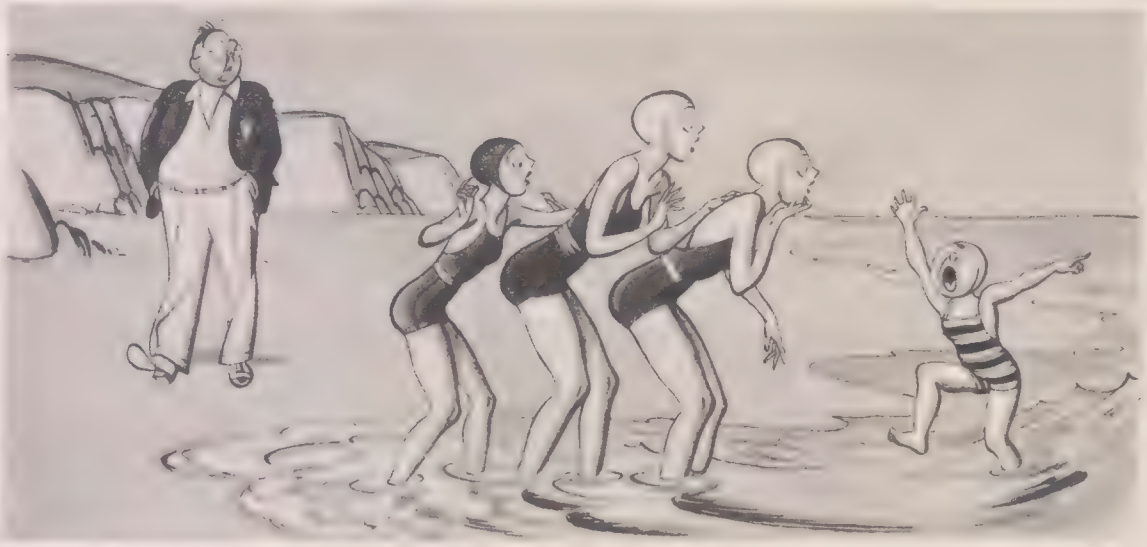
"Gosh, it'll soon be lighting-up time!"

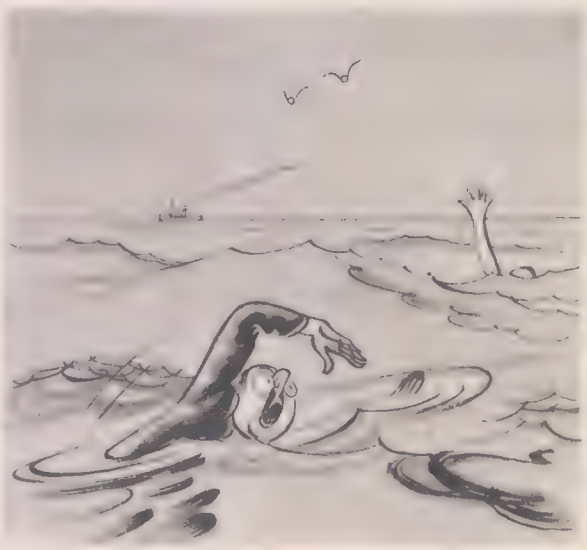
Theatregoer: "Do you mind removing your hat, madam?"

"I hope this match finishes before the wind changes."

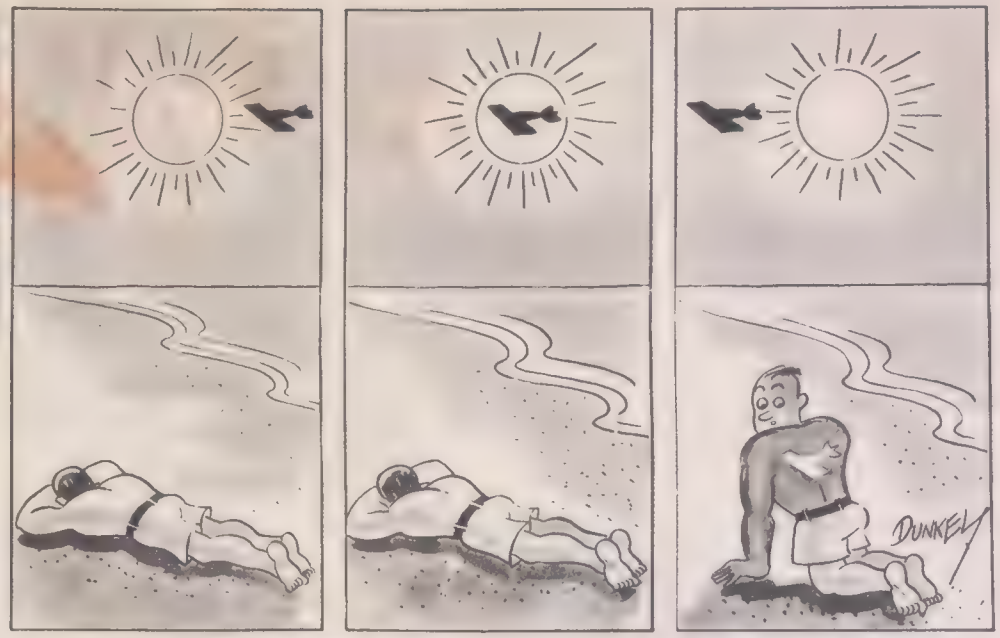
A MAN AND A RESCUE

by A. C. BARRETT





"What day does the dustman call, please ?"



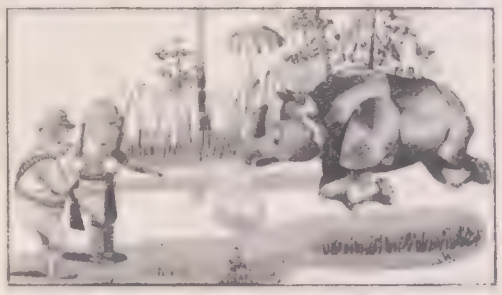
"I gotta get in trim. My ma's makin' me wear *that* suit to school to-morrow."

"The management feels that you're taking unfair advantage of our five-day free trial offer."

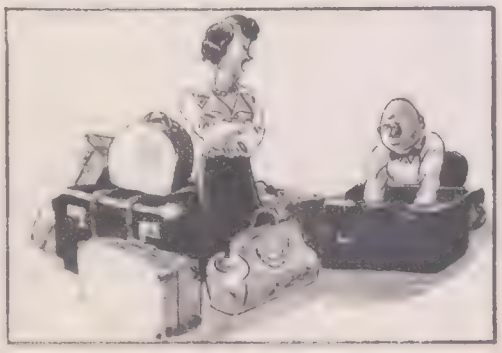
LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

"I shall be glad when Mary has finished her permanent-waving course."

"Garn, 'e 'asn't 'it yer yet!"
"Then yer'd better keep yer eye on the ref., 'cause I'm coppin' it from *someone*." *Sydney Bulletin.*



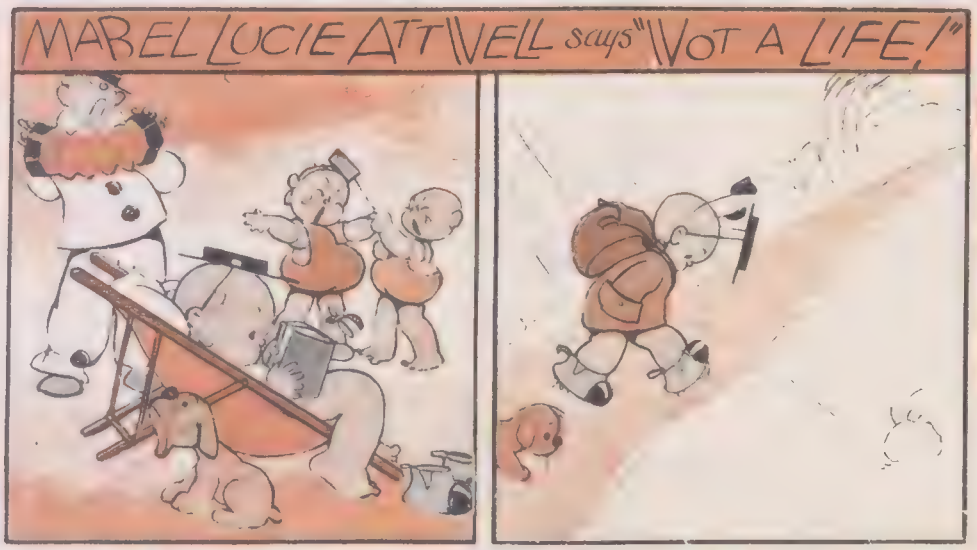
"Shall I shoot, or would you like the first shot, old fellow ?"
Koralle, Berlin.



She: "Have we forgotten anything ?"
He: "No, dear, unless we are taking the carpets."
Das Illustrierte Blatt, Frankfurt.

PURL AND PLAIN

MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL says "WOT A LIFE!"

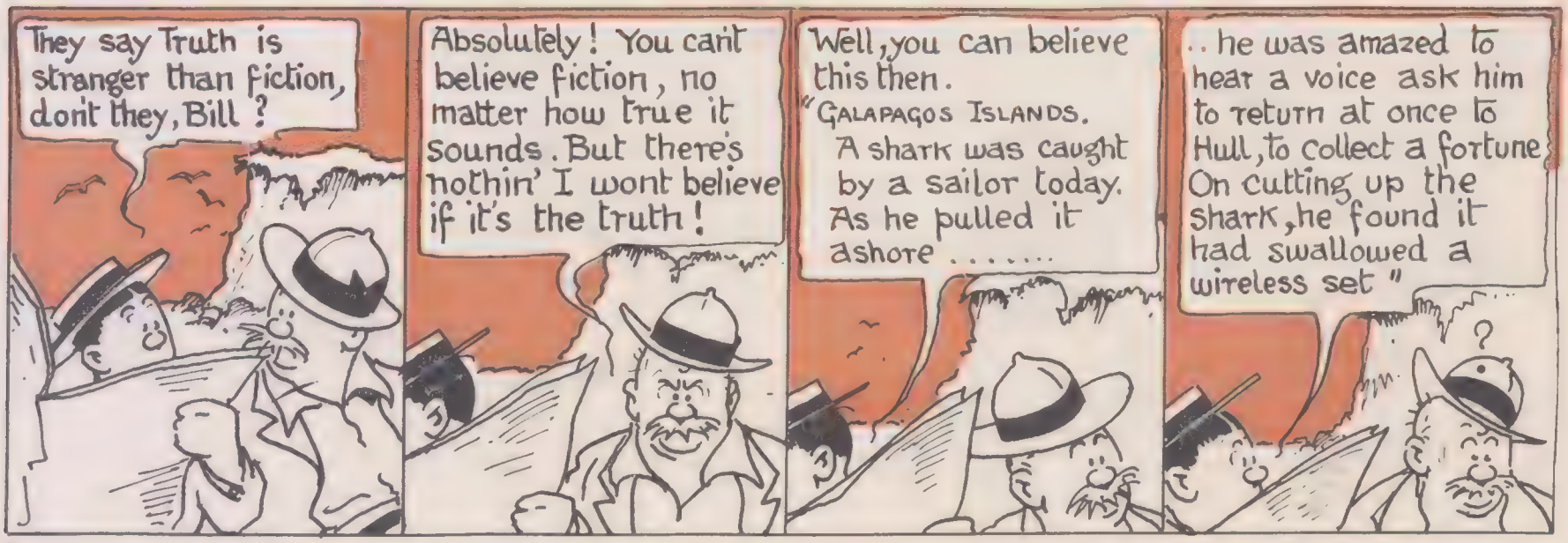


"He's a northerner—it's supposed to snow at this time of the year."

Bout these holidays—well, but of course I like 'em
But whether I bask or swim or hike 'em
Or whether its fine or freezing or rain
There's something <u>real nice</u> to be back again!

OLD BILL AND BERT

by BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



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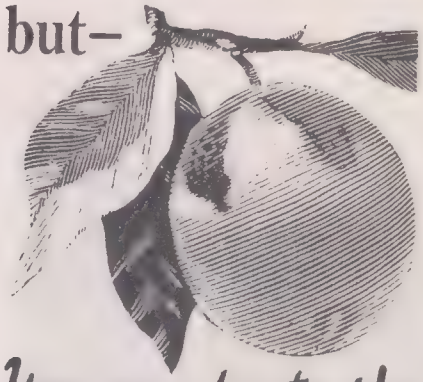
but–



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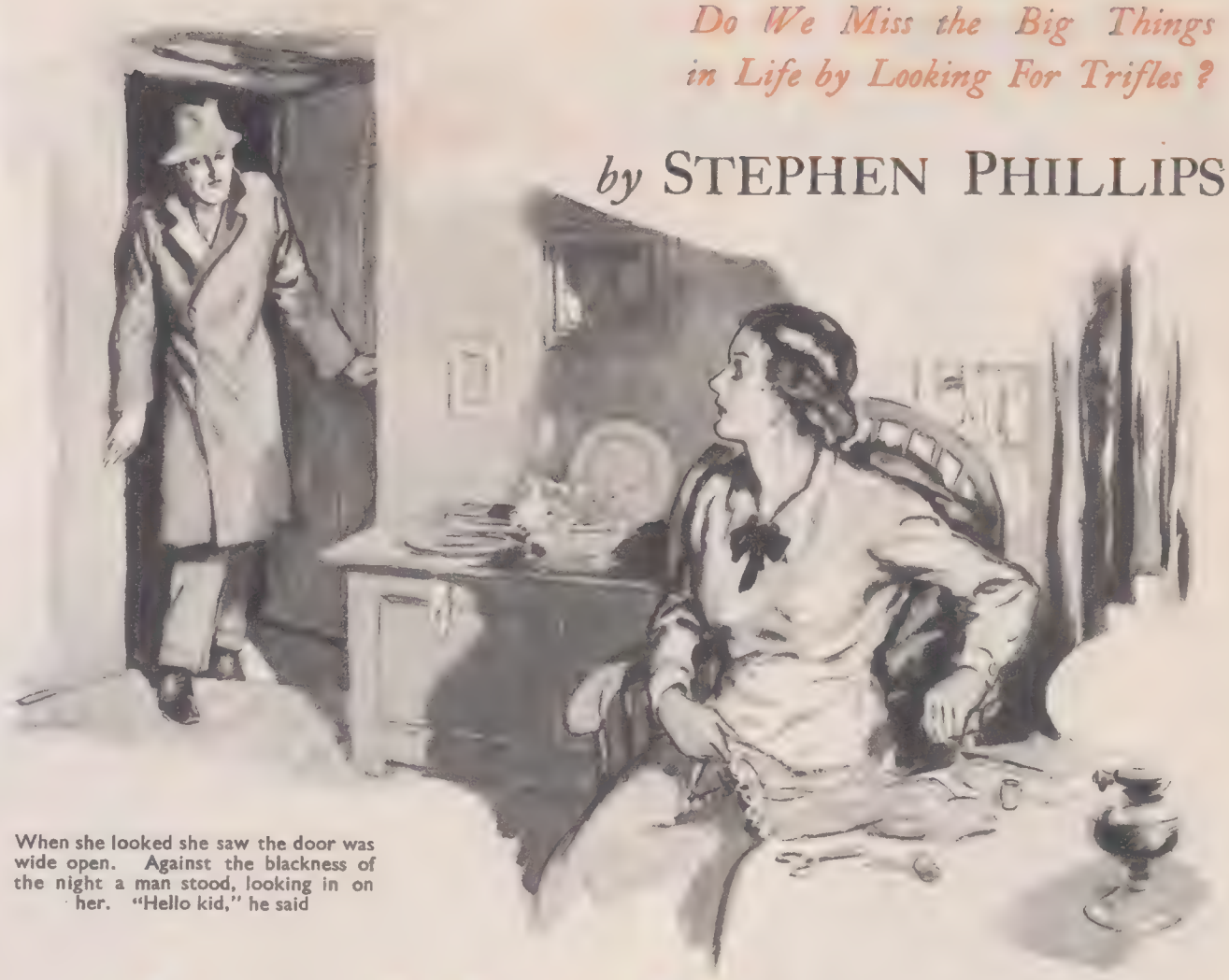
Do We Miss the Big Things in Life by Looking For Trifles?

by STEPHEN PHILLIPS



When she looked she saw the door was wide open. Against the blackness of the night a man stood, looking in on her. "Hello kid," he said

All He Noticed

NATHAN had made two trips to the boat, carrying gear and tackle, before the moon rose over Cathwyllan Peak. Standing rather listlessly by the door, Myra watched him come and go.

"Well, that's the lot," he said. "I'll be getting along to the pier."

He stood there, a trifle clumsily, blocking the doorway. She looked at him then. Beyond, zigzagging down to the cove, was the old smugglers' path. Folk often declared that Llywlellan Cove was haunted, but there was only one ghost Myra ever saw—the ghost of Tony Ireland.

"What are you staring at?" Nathan said, irritably.

He struck a match and lit his pipe. The red glow of it, rising and dying steadily as he drew at the tobacco, caused his face to come more clearly out of the gloom of the night. Nathan's face had grown placid during the last year or two; extraordinarily placid. In some way its placidity annoyed her. Only one thing ever caused its expression to change, to become alive. That was when he remembered Tony Ireland.

"Looks as if it might be a good night," he said, turning to stare resentfully at the wet-looking skies above the Peak. "Going to rain. That always brings them to the top."

She nodded slightly.

"Yes, Nathan. There won't be a moon, either. That will—help."

He acquiesced in that stolid, heavy manner, still sucking at his pipe, his hands deep in his pockets.

Odd, she reflected, how easily Nathan had sunk his individuality in such an environment. It wasn't as if he had been reared in the atmosphere of the sea and fishing boats. She gazed straight down where the cliffs slanted to the sea. Far below, Nathan's little boat rocked close to the sandy floor of the cove. The new steam-trawler, with Ben Ames and the rest of the crew, would be waiting for Nathan at Quay No. 5—sharp, spear-like, jutting far out into the open waters.

He would be away all night. Somehow the thought chilled her. It was as if, without warning, a cold wind had risen to blow along the cliff-top.

But she knew it wasn't the wind, merely the abrupt realisation that she would be alone that night, quite alone.

Tony Ireland was no longer caged and impotent behind prison bars. It was that thought which chilled her.

She heard Nathan say: "Moon's going already. Ben reckons we should do well to-night."

"Yes," she said. "It's just the night for—for fishing."

"Sure." He seemed to hesitate in the darkness. "Black as pitch in the cove. Can't see a thing. Better lock the door after I'm—gone."

"I will," she said.

But somehow, even as she said it, she was assailed by a sense of utter futility. After all, what would a locked door signify to a man of Tony Ireland's stamp?

Maybe he guessed what was in her mind.

"Not scared, are you? I mean, being left like this?"

"Oh, no," she said.

She wasn't exactly scared. Of late a sort of resignation had come to her. One day—one night, perhaps—Tony would come.

Tony had been free for eight days and nights now. The whole country was on the outlook for him. His wild, sensational escape seemed to have captured the public fancy.

A condemned murderer, serving a life sentence; that was Tony Ireland.

"Lock the door," he said, with an insistence that made her want to scream almost, "and, remember, Myra, don't open it unless you're sure who—who's outside."

She heard his heavy seaboots go slipping and scraping over the sharp stones. In an instant the gloom had swallowed him.

As she stood there, listening to the sound of him dying away in the night, a slow, bitter little smile touched her face. She had been mistaken, after all, in thinking that Nathan was really worried, anxious about leaving her in the house quite alone.

She shut the door. She stood an instant in the blackness, that bitter little smile still playing round her lips and eyes. She loved Nathan just as much, probably more, than she had done when they were first married. But Nathan no longer loved her.

An oil-lamp stood near the window. She lit it, stood looking steadily, without fear, into the blackness of the night. Then, almost carelessly, she drew the curtain over the window.

Once she turned and glanced at the door. There was a big, heavy key in the lock. But her hand made no movement towards it. What was the use? On that black, lonely cliff-top, a locked door wouldn't stop Tony Ireland.

A little fatalistically, she smiled. Her gaze, steadying, met her own reflection in the mirror.

She was still pretty. She knew that. In a way, perhaps, she was even more than just—well, pretty. She had beautiful eyes; large, very deep, expressive eyes. Her mouth was perfect. Her lips were carmined, small, and as exquisite as the finely-turned petals of a young rose. Only, of late, her hair had rather worried her.

Because of Nathan, she didn't want to seem old, or in any way imperfect. That was why she had taken such trouble with her appearance lately.

Looking into the glass one morning, she had observed several grey hairs. Nathan had a weakness for platinum-blondes. Tony's wife, Vera, had been a platinum-blonde. Perhaps, if her hair had been brown, or even *red*, Tony would never have had reason to kill her.

Vera had been a natural platinum-blonde. Her hair had required no artificial bleaching. Myra, however, had been

(*please turn to page 24*)

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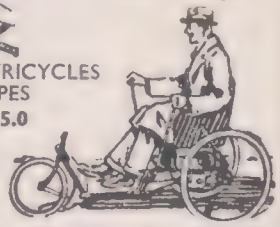

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Continuing All He Noticed

compelled to labour painstakingly. She remembered, with another of those bitter little smiles, one evening in particular.

Nathan had just come in. Expectantly, with a fast-beating heart, she had gone and stood close to the lamp. so that the light should shine on her head, her hair. Really, she had achieved something of a miracle with it. No film-star's hair had ever seemed more alluring.

He had looked at her. In an irritable voice, he had said: "You've smudged your nose."

Her hands had clenched. The sharp, polished nails bit into the skin. She had said, a little breathlessly: "Don't—don't you see my *hair*, Nathan?"

It was rather pitiful, having to crawl to him like that. Only her love for him a fierce desire to reawaken his interest, made her do it.

"Hair?" he had said, shortly. "*Now* what have you been up to?" He had stared an instant, almost sneeringly. "Who d'you think you are?" he had said. "Jean Harlow?"

Sharply she swung from the mirror. Memory had brought a gleam into her eyes.

Nowadays Nathan never seemed to notice anything about her at all.

Tying an apron round her, she went into the kitchen. She took some potatoes from a sack and commenced peeling them. She always had a hot meal ready for Nathan when he returned.

The knife-handle was wet. The blade slipped, cutting her finger rather deeply. She went into the living-room and tore a strip of rag, which she bound round it. Somehow, whenever she peeled potatoes, she *always* managed to cut herself. Once Nathan had joked with her about it. Once, when she had been peeling potatoes and cut herself, Nathan had gathered her in his arms and kissed the little wound.

It seemed so idiotic, somehow never to be able to peel a few potatoes without cutting one's self.

A wind began to rise. Then it started to rain. She could hear it cascading from the windows. She could hear the sea, too, lashing wildly against the cliffs below.

Sitting down, she picked up a book. But, somehow, she couldn't read. Her hands felt curiously damp. She tried to sew, but all she could see was Tony's wife, lying huddled on the floor. . . .

Tony had always been fearfully jealous of Vera. His mother had been Italian; he had a volatile temperament. Vera, of course, had been beautiful. She had always reminded Myra of a poem, "Endymion"; a woman, glistening, lovely, rising from the sea. Vera attracted men as a flame attracts moths; and, at best, Nathan was moth-like.

Myra had forgiven him long ago. Morally, she always felt, he was as irresponsible as an unthinking child. Loving him against all things, Myra forgave him. There was only one thing she wanted now. She wanted Nathan to look at her, to *notice* things about her, as he had done when first they were married. Then, and not before, she would know that there was a reawakening of his love for her.

Tony's glistening young wife, Vera, had chloroformed that love. Now, even though she was dead, Nathan still thought about her, still remembered. . . .

Nathan, fearing Tony, even though he was caged, had brought her to that lonely fisherman's cottage on the black slopes of Cathwyllan Peak. It was a wild, solitary spot; a place where the elements raged in all their stark grandeur and fury.

A lonely spot; but Nathan had liked its loneliness, because of Tony. And Myra, oddly enough, had been comparatively happy there. She knew Nathan, his weaknesses. She had never been able to trust him where other women were concerned. In that little dark sanctuary on Cathwyllan Peak Nathan had seemed so completely hers. It was a place of safety, a place of shelter in more ways than one.

While they remained at Llywlellan Cove she still had her chance with Nathan. There was nothing there to distract him, no pretty face to draw his interest.

But Nathan, she knew, secretly hated the place. Only fear—fear of Tony Ireland—kept him there.

Quite suddenly the rain stopped.

The wind died, also; and the sound of the sea grew to be a mere soft murmur in the night. She had no thought of sleep. Determinedly she picked up her sewing.

It was a faint flicker from the lamp which made her turn her head. She hadn't heard a sound; yet, when she looked, she saw that the door was wide open. Against the blackness of the night a man stood, looking in at her.

He was slender, lithe, with an olive skin and dark eyes. His hands might have belonged to a violinist.

"Hello, kid," he said.

She rose slowly.

"Hallo, Tony. . . ."

It seemed rather funny, talking like that, just as if nothing unusual had ever happened.

He stepped into the room. As his face came with clearer reflection, she saw how his face had changed. It was the face of a man who had endured and hoped rather terribly.

"Where's Nathan?" he asked.

She put her sewing carefully in the work-basket.

"Nathan's out with the fleet, Tony."

He smiled slightly; and again she was reminded of a ghost smiling, rather terribly.

"I see. Does he make a good—fisherman?"

She moved a chair automatically. It was so difficult to think of Tony as a man who had killed anyone, and who might . . . might. . . . She saw merely the same old Tony, hot-tempered, impulsive, kind, fiery. In the old days she had rather liked Tony.

"Won't—won't you sit down?" she said.

He turned.

"When does Nathan get home?"

"The—the fleet gets in at dawn, Tony."

For the first time she was touched by fear. She watched him go to the window, draw aside the curtain and stare out.

"Dawn," he said, his voice an indistinct mutter. "Well, that won't be long, now." He let the curtain fall back, slowly. "I suppose he knows I'm—at liberty?"

"Yes, he knows, Tony."

He lit a cigarette.

"I haven't much time left," he said. "Already, you see, I've had eight days and nights. I didn't expect I should be free so long. I've been—lucky. But that sort of luck doesn't last long. I know my chances. One in a million. They'll get me. *Bound* to."

"Tony, I—I've never had much of a chance to—to tell you what I feel, how sorry I am. I——"

"All right, kid, but cut out the sob-stuff. I don't need it. Really, you know, I don't. It's Nathan who should be needing all the pity just now, not me."

She made no attempt to defend Nathan. She had sufficient sense to realise how useless it would be.

"You're clean, kid. *Decent*. . . . You must hate him pretty badly, I should think."

"No, Tony, I—I——"

And suddenly her fear got the better of her. She flew at the door, and rushed into the blackness. The wind rushed into the room and the gusts of heavy rain splashed in pools across the floor. With a look backward, she saw the curtain billowing out—and, just behind, Tony, staring after her, his face no longer smiling.

She ran, sobbing, a little in her fear; and she knew instinctively that Tony followed. Blindly she ran, straight towards the cliffs, looming black and deep.

Tony shouted something after her; but she never knew what he said. She fell and a sharp stone cut her cheek. Rising, she heard him close behind her. He thought, she supposed, that she was running in a desperate attempt to warn Nathan.

She paused, sick, trembling. In the blackness the cliff-edge yawned. Two hundred feet below, where the rocks stuck up jaggedly, the black sea raced and swept and swirled.

Tony sprang. She never actually *saw* him, merely felt the rush of his lithe, slender body, as it hurtled past her in the gloom. For Myra, instinctively, had leapt aside.

She heard his feet stagger on the brink; he swayed.

Then, almost silently, he was gone.

Stumblingly, after an instant of complete physical stiffness, like paralysis, she went back towards the cottage. Her cheek was rather badly cut. As she approached, she could hear the door banging. In the doorway she paused. The curtain, billowing out in the rush of wind, swept the lamp from the table.

It fell splinteringly. A spurt of flame caught the curtain. In an instant it was a mass of flame.

With a broom-handle, oddly grim now, she beat it to the floor. Once the flames touched her head. She felt her hair burning. Blinded, she stumbled backwards, then ran across the room and slammed the door.

Her thoughts grew sharper, clearer. Tony was gone, and she had heard tales of those fierce, long tides. In all probability no one would ever find Tony. No one would ever know what had become of him.

She glanced round. There were pools of water on the floor. The lamp-glass was smashed. When Nathan came. . . .

Her hands clenched hard as she swung round again. Why tell Nathan? If he knew that Tony Ireland was dead, he would want to leave Llywlellan Cove at once. And she didn't want that. She knew Nathan too well, his weaknesses of the flesh. Cathwyllan Peak gave her the rights of wifehood, at least.

But could she keep the truth from Nathan?

Desperately she began to hunt for a fresh lamp-glass. She knew there was one somewhere in the house. If Nathan came home and noticed anything amiss, he would be bound to ask questions, and then she'd have to tell him the truth. That would be the beginning of the end, as far as she was concerned; the complete loss of Nathan.

She found a new glass at last, relit the lamp. On hands and knees, in desperate haste, she mopped up the rainwater from the floor, and put a fresh curtain over the window.

Her eyes examined the room with the minutest care. Satisfied at last, she went to the mirror and stared at her own reflection.

Looking, she knew a fresh, more desperate fear than ever. Her hair was no longer beautiful. It was singed and burned. Her cheek was cut. There was a bruise on her face, just under her eye, and the skin was swelling into an ugly blue lump. Her eyebrows were mere smoky lines which distorted every facial line and curve.

She went and bathed her face in ice-cold water and combed out her hair. But nothing she could do seemed able to improve matters very much.

Sitting down, she stared straight in front of her. She was going to lose Nathan. . . It was all so futile, so hopeless now. Until that night the only really passionate prayer she had ever known was that Nathan should *notice* things about her. Now, just as desperately, she prayed that he *wouldn't* notice them.

But how could anyone, even Nathan, fail to notice?

Dawn grew.

She heard him coming, rather slowly, as if he had grown weary through the black hours of the night. She watched him come into the room, peeling off his oilskins.

"Your food's ready, Nathan. Did—did you have a good haul to-night?"

"Oh, fairish," he grunted.

She drew his chair to the table.

He went and sat down.

Her back was towards the window. Stolidly, across the table, she felt him look at her. Her heart paused, then went on again with hard throbs.

Almost defiantly, sheer resignation giving sudden strength to her mind and body, she moved to the table to cut some bread.

And suddenly, in that moment of resignation, she *smiled*. His idiotically stolid gaze had become focussed, with a sort of mild irritability, not upon her face, her hair, her eyes, the singed, smoky lines above them—not upon any of these things was Nathan looking, but upon her hand and the bit of soiled rag tied round one of her fingers.

"I was just thinking," she said. "I'll have to get one of those automatic potato peelers."

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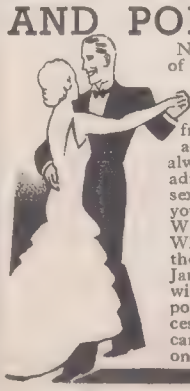

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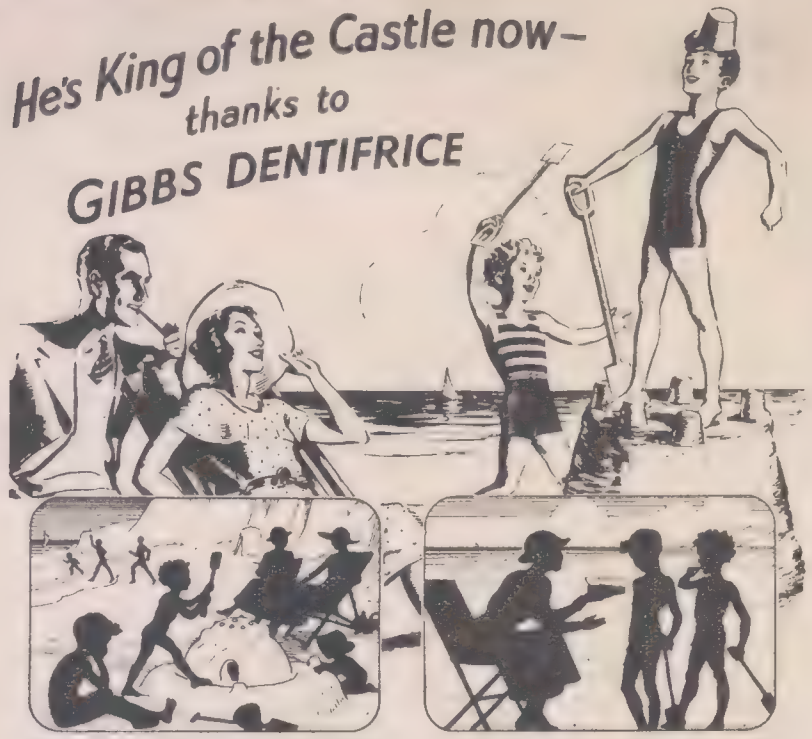
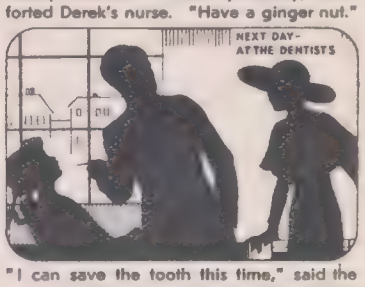


"We've been here a week and Bobby doesn't pick up. He's so listless," sighed Bobby's mother. "Cheer up, Bobby," comforted Derek's nurse. "Have a ginger nut."

"I can't eat them," replied Bobby sadly. "They're so hard and my teeth hurt." "Dear me!" said Nurse. "Of course you can't build sand castles if your Ivory Castles hurt."



"I can save the tooth this time," said the dentist. "What does he clean them with? I always advise Gibbs Dentifrice—use it twice daily—there's nothing better."

"Race you to the Pier," cried Bobby. Mother noted his flashing white teeth and smiled happily. "No doubt now about the holiday doing him good—that and Gibbs Dentifrice."

Gibbs Dentifrice kills germs, neutralises harmful acids, and polishes teeth to a vivid, glinting beauty. More important still, Gibbs does its beautifying work in absolute safety—keeps teeth sound with the lovely whiteness of unscratched enamel. Notice the refreshed, toned-up feeling Gibbs Dentifrice gives your mouth—the livelier whiteness of your teeth. Undoubtedly Gibbs is the ideal Dentifrice for adults and children alike —CHANGE TO GIBBS TODAY!

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WOMAN to WOMAN by Sophia Lauterbach

THE other day I heard a neighbour and her friend arguing about a man who had asked to be allowed to clip the hedge. He was out of a job and his long tale had wrung my neighbour's heart. Sifting his story, it was clear he had never held down a job for more than a month or two and he was now close on sixty. Her friend was rather hard-boiled and made a disparaging comment.

"Why, the man's never had a chance!" my neighbour retorted indignantly. "He's what life has made him."

"What life has made him!" exclaimed the other. "What rot! That's always the excuse of the ne'er-do-well. It's the stuff that's in you that counts."

"Well," thought I, "maybe they're both right."

For there in a nutshell you have one of the most difficult problems of modern times, a problem that's crying out to be solved. It's the question of heredity versus environment. What do we bring into the world with us? What is the capital we inherit from the generations that went to make us? And what happens to this capital when it is put out?

We have to know how we can improve on it and do away with the things that handicap us.

I had been reading the report of an address given by Dr. Dafoe, the medical man in whose care the quintuplets have been from birth, and surely the proudest foster-father that ever was. He described all the ups and downs in the lives of his unique little family, his hopes and fears and difficulties and how he tackled them.

"Here is an opportunity," I thought, "that has never come before and will rarely come again, to get exact information on the vexed question of human heredity and the effect on it of surroundings."

This is how I see it. Here are five girls, born of the same parents at a birth. There couldn't be nearer blood relations. From the moment they came into the world they have been under continual observation. Everything about them has been noted; what they weighed and measured, how much and what they ate. We are also told of differences between them; Marie was smaller than the others; Yvonne heavier. Yet they had the same ancestry and, much more uncommon, even the same environment before they came into the world.

At a year they were reported on as follows: "The babies are healthy and happy; their skin is tanned, their muscles firm and their bones well proportioned. In physical appearance they resemble each other closely, but not so in temperament. A scientific psychological study has commenced and will be carried on in the future. This investigation shows all the babies to be 'at age' intellectually and developmentally, with the larger two slightly above."

These children have had the same food, clothes, beds, and nurses. For the first time such near blood relations have from the moment of birth been brought up in what scientists call "a controlled environment." It has never been possible before to do this consistently from such an early age with very close human relatives.

Now, at last, with the birth of the quintuplets, followed by the birth of the quadruplets, it should be possible to learn something with great detail and exactness, about inheritance and the influence on it of external things.

Yet it would be a mistake to imagine that with all the care to control the Quins' surroundings, the environment has been quite the same for each child. It would be going a little too far to jump to a conclusion of that sort, for during the last ten years we've come to have a much broader view of what environment means.

Some time ago, if a child came before the magistrate for picking someone's pocket, people might say: "He had a bad environment, poverty and a drunken mother." When we talk of environment now, we mean much more than that, as a little story about the Dionne babies will indicate.

When they were ten month old (Dr. Dafoe described them as "a rare collection of healthy, smiling babies") they all, despite disinfected gowns and masks and other precautions used by their nurses, caught colds in their heads just like other children do. The colds led to earache and caused a great deal of anxiety in their model nursery.

Little Marie, the youngest and most delicate, had to have a slight operation on both ears before she recovered. Had any of the children succumbed to this rather dangerous infection, it would have been a heart-breaking tragedy after all the care and love that had been lavished on them. It is not difficult to imagine the anxiety with which they were all regarded during those trying days, particularly little Marie.

Her ears were worse. Perhaps she had more pain than the others. She had the shock of an operation, had to be sent to sleep with the choking sensation of an anæsthetic. When she awoke, she found her head bound up, was probably deaf for a week or two, and so on. I daresay she came in for a good deal of extra petting, too.

Now human beings are more complex in their feelings and reactions than the most complicated of animals, and every influence brought to bear on them leaves some trace. The unpleasantness and the pain of the illness, plus the anxiety and the petting, would all have had an effect on Marie, different in intensity and in kind from what befell the others.

So this small incident shows how it is not ever possible for any two people to have had exactly the same influences and experiences—in other words, exactly the same environment.

But with the Quins, and the Quads too, the two factors we need to know much more about (heredity on the one hand, environment on the other) are for each group separately as nearly similar as they are ever likely to be with human beings. That being so, we have two rare opportunities to add to what is already known about these things.

Actually we now know precious little. It can be summed up in a sentence. Heredity and environment, where man is concerned, share the honours fifty-fifty. About half of what we are we get from our ancestors, back to William the Conqueror and before that. The other half is the result of everything that has

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Chip off the OLD Block

● The Quintuplets will make it possible to learn with great detail and exactness about inheritance and the influence on it of external things

happened to us since we were born, and possibly during the months before that.

That's all we know! About chickens, dogs, or rabbits, about chrysanthemums or cabbages, even about a queer insect called the fruit-fly, much more information is available. In dealing with plants or animals we can experiment, and have done so, until we know what sort of conditions will produce a spirited racehorse or a prize rose.

"And," as Hamlet said, "there's the rub," for although we hold baby shows and beauty competitions and give our bright scholars scholarships, the prizes are captured more by luck or chance than by wise management of gifts and capacities. By now we should know how to arrange environment to get the best out of man in both body and mind, and we don't know it.

There are many scientists investigating this from various angles. They had better pool their knowledge—the biologists, psychologists, doctors, and geneticists—before it is too late, before man gets completely lost in the confusion towards which he seems to be drifting.

At present the whole of humanity is rather in the position of a small boy who gets on roller-skates for the first time. He stretches up and feels fine, and thinks he's going to whirl along with ease. Off he goes. He finds his feet running away with him—in opposite directions—and he comes down with a crash.

Man has conquered time and distance and space and sound. There's little he can't do with the things around him. He has invented ways of destroying with a completeness and speed and horror that were hitherto scarcely imagined. He could build up a "brave new world" just as effectively, but somehow he doesn't seem able to get going. He knows everything about machines and can do almost what he likes with them. The one thing he isn't very well informed about is himself. The result is the machine is running away with him and may even destroy him, before he has found out how to fashion the shape of things to come.

It is the records of the quintuplets and quadruplets, as well as the record of much other research, which, when sifted, will provide the data on which to build a better world.

There's a little office in London where these records will find their way. It is called the Bureau of Human Heredity. Its modest beginnings were established only a short time ago by the British National Human Heredity Committee, with very many eminent names to support it. Its object is to provide a clearing house for any information on this important and extensive subject, information garnered from any part of the world.

Anyone will be able to get information from this Bureau, not merely students of heredity of learned bodies, but even the man in the street. Cousins, who are wanting to marry and are afraid that some defect may be passed on, will be able to have all the known facts at their disposal to help them to decide their future. Parents who want to put their child in for a certain trade or occupation which means a long and difficult training can examine what is known about the abilities needed, whether they can be inculcated by training or whether they are mainly inborn.

The Sea Gives Up Its Secrets

THOSE who thrill to the sound of the sea and love the rich romance of its dramas must read "The Wonderful Story of the Sea," which is offered to "Passing Show" readers for 2s. 9d., plus 1s. to cover carriage, packing, and insurance. This book is bound in rich blue morocco-grained cloth, embossed in 22-carat gold, and there is also a beautiful de luxe edition available.

"The Wonderful Story of the Sea" is an authentic record of every phase of sea history from the tree-trunk canoe of primitive man to the 80,000-*ton* Queen Mary. *It is packed with exciting stories of man's struggles against the elements and against his rivals. No fiction has ever equalled the thrills of these tempests and battles. Turn to pages 2 and 3 for details of this book.*

Late Summer Gossip—

HINTS; TIPS AND USEFUL THINGS TO KNOW; TO BURN OR NOT TO BURN; ABOUT BATHING; FOR HURRIED HOUSEWIVES OR PICNICS; A BIG TROUBLE WITH A HAPPY ENDING—

BY MOLLY MONTAGUE

IT isn't the amount of sun-tanned skin you show, but the colour of it that is important. A light bronze is the real "thing" for 1936, yet fashion allows a range from deep warm browns to the almost untanned colour for delicate skins; there are many non-greasy preparations which help you to brown without burning.

Lipsticks, too, give you a choice of the new rust shades, exotic crimsons, and the bright light tones—with finger nails to match if you would be smart. Mascara, or the latest eye cosmetics, should be used—with most exciting colour schemes for night.

Then, too, there are swim suits. The choice is not lightly undertaken in these days when fit and looks have to be studied. This year's best are made to swim in—not much in area, but most ravishing in design and cut! Checks, tartans, stripes, and spots are very much the rage—all unshrinkable. That is if you're wise and get them at a good shop.

First Aid for Hurried Entertainment

When those unexpected friends drop in for a chat or a game they need never cause hair-whitening worries as to novel ways of feeding them. Sandwiches are so easily made, and it's wonderful what perfectly delightful treats they make.

You'd be surprised at the added zest and piquancy which is given to CREAM CHEESE if you open up a packet and mash it well with sauce or relish. Spread it between thin slices of white bread and butter.

Preserved ginger chopped very small and covered with a little of its own syrup is another novel sandwich filling.

Swim suits and sunshine make beauty even more attractive and aglow with the "tan" of health.

CUCUMBER SANDWICHES, you'll say, are very ordinary. Not so if you improve them with just a touch of horse radish and a little French dressing. Cut the bread in circles for these. Even the JAM SANDWICH is improved out of recognition if you spread one thin slice of buttered bread with jam and the other with some whipped cream—not too much, of course.

Another easily made last-minute treat is BANANA SPLIT. This simply calls for bananas peeled and cut lengthways in two. Spread the halves with a little jam and top with chopped nuts and cream.

A TALE OF TROUBLE SOON ENDED

When I read the words "First Aid" in the heading of the last paragraph I was reminded that some time ago I called upon a friend of mine whom I hadn't seen for years. "My dear," I gasped when I saw her, "What has happened to you? You've aged twenty years." I wasn't being catty—she *really* had got haggard and worn about the face, and when she *walked*—or tried to walk—well, I nearly cried to see her. She could hardly move. I knew that she had a tendency to rheumatic complaints even as a child. I remember that she had paid visits to various spas to take the waters. It appears that, in spite of this, her rheumatism had been getting worse and worse. Her legs, hands, and finally her back were affected until life was a misery for her. Her husband was not wealthy but he willingly paid out for various expensive treatments; specialists were called in—all in the endeavour to alleviate her pain, but to no purpose, for the Rheumatism had such a firm hold upon her, it seemed impossible that the Uric Acid crystals could ever be dispersed.

I Manage to Help

"Look here," I said, "not long ago I knew another case very similar to yours which was successfully treated by a simple and inexpensive method which has many remarkable successes to its credit. Why not try it yourself? You need not even spend anything at all to test it. The makers will send you, FREE, some of the little gelatine capsules which you have to take, together with a book describing the treatment."

All best true stories should have a happy ending, and I am glad to say this one has. My friend sent for the samples and commenced the treatment with the result that all the hitherto incurable complaints soon disappeared. I shall always recommend it to anyone I meet who suffers from Rheumatic or Arthritic complaints. It is marketed under the name of "Curicones" and for more than 20 years has been gaining the praises of eminent medical men, including a Harley Street Specialist.

PASS THE GOOD NEWS ON

If you yourself suffer from Rheumatism or Arthritis, I advise you to try "Curicones" at once; and if you have a friend who is afflicted by these dread complaints, make use of my shopping coupon below. Fill it in with your own, or your friend's name and address, and send it to me as directed on the coupon. I will then arrange that there will be sent, free of all charge, a trial supply of "Curicones." This generous gift will be accompanied by a splendid booklet explaining the cause of Rheumatic and Arthritic troubles.

If you don't seal the envelope, a half-penny stamp is enough for the postage. Send NOW and bring relief to your friend or yourself.

Goodbye for the present.

MOLLY MONTAGUE.

To Molly Montague,
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C.172

LONG MOTOR DRIVES UPSET THE STOMACH

Every motorist who goes for long trips, whether in a nippy sports model or in the driver's cabin of a heavy coach or lorry, knows only too well how prone the stomach is to get out of order. Hurried meals are only half digested before the journey has to be resumed. Before ten miles have been covered, the stomach protests. It won't work in these unfair conditions. The rest of the journey is misery. Motorists and motor drivers can save themselves all discomfort by taking two tablets of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder just before starting off after a halt for food. Some drivers who have experienced the great relief brought about by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder go so far as to carry some ready mixed in a bottle of water, but the tablets make an excellent alternative. The effect of the powder or tablets on the stomach is magical. Discomfort disappears immediately and you feel better altogether. Always insist when buying MACLEAN BRAND, either the powder or tablets, on seeing the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Nothing else is so effective. 1/3, 2/-, and 5/- per bottle, powder or tablets. Never sold loose.

Continuing 'The Legacy Murders' by Francis Beeding

THE STORY SO FAR

VALERIE BEAUCHAMP, best seller novelist, is murdered four days after her discovery that she has been hoaxed by fellow members of a literary society, the Esoterics, into believing that one of her readers has fallen in love with her. Even though she was demented on hearing that the Esoterics had read her passionate love letters, her will shows she has left £200 to each of them—Councillor Joshua Stanton, Edward Calcott, who was the bogus lover, Frederick Reeves, Adelaide Tring, Naomi Garnett, and Cyril Sidebotham—and, if any of them dies, his income is to be shared by the others.

The spotlight of the story moves to Marseilles, where a strange man is furtively buying arsenic and a revolver. Then Adelaide Tring is poisoned. Lavinia Brown, companion to Miss Beauchamp, tells the police that Fred Reeves is the killer, but he is shot dead by a man, who jumps on the running board of his car. Inspector Martin follows Lavinia Brown on a midnight visit to the grave of the murdered novelist, watching her hide an automatic pistol under a rose bush. He decides to arrest her when he hears that the gun did not fire the bullet that killed young Reeves.

The mystery man, last seen in Marseilles, is buying a knife, when Peter Doubleday, crime reporter, is wrecked in the Channel on a flight to Jersey. He is picked up by a sailing ship bound for Sydney, but as the vessel has no radio he cannot tell Scotland Yard that he had found an eccentric man to whom Lavinia Brown granted a pension. Also, he cannot be told that Joshua Stanton has been stabbed to death during a fight at a Bank Holiday carnival, and that Inspector Martin has seen Calcott in the crowd of horrified spectators.

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks

● The prisoner was listening intently to the speech of the Attorney-General

TELLING the two remaining constables to keep the crowd away from the site of the crime, Martin went forward quickly towards Calcott.

Calcott made no attempt to evade him.

"Good God, Inspector," he began at once. "What has happened? What does this mean?"

Martin looked at him keenly.

"You really want to know what has happened, Mr. Calcott?"

"I shouldn't be asking you the question otherwise. They were saying in the crowd that a man had been murdered."

Martin, keeping his eyes fixed on Calcott, nodded, but said nothing. The man's face was looking pretty bad, he thought, and suddenly it was looking worse as Calcott clutched him by the arm.

"Not Stanton?" he stammered.

"Why should you imagine it to be Stanton?"

"He was the only man, besides myself, left of our party."

"If it's news to you, Calcott, Stanton was found here not twenty minutes ago, stabbed to death by some person unknown."

"What the devil do you mean by putting it like that? Of course it's news to me, Inspector. It's most improper of you to suggest that I'm trying to mislead you."

"It wouldn't be for the first time, Mr. Calcott."

"What are you driving at?"

"On the night of June 6th-7th when Reeves was murdered, you were not, as you led me to believe, at home and in bed. You were away from the house till three in the morning. I shall ask you to explain why you made a false statement to the police on that occasion. I shall also ask you to explain why this evening you deliberately evaded the man who was detailed for your protection. . . ."

"Protection," interrupted Calcott vehemently. "Was Stanton also protected?"

"I find you on the spot within a few minutes of the crime, after deliberately throwing my man off the trail," continued Martin unmoved. "I must ask you to come with me to the police station and make a statement."

"I slipped your man in the Highwood Tube. He made himself a bit too obvious and I wanted a little private time for myself."

"For what purpose?"

"Have you any right to ask that question?"

"I think it would be better in your own interest to answer it."

"Very well," said Calcott shortly. "I will say what I have to say at the police station."

"I think that will be best, sir."

They walked on in silence and not another word passed between them.

In the bright electric light of the charge room Martin looked again at Calcott, but the face told him little.

In the police station, beside the desk, Inspector Crosby was sitting.

"Now, sir," said Martin, "I am not giving you any advice, you understand. I will merely tell you this: you are not bound to make any statement or answer any question I may put to you. Anything you may say is voluntary."

Edward Calcott shrugged his shoulders.

"The usual warning, I suppose."

Martin nodded.

"Very well," continued Calcott. "I'll begin with this evening. I came to the woods to meet Miss Naomi Garnett."

He paused.

"You had an appointment?"

Edward Calcott put a hand into his pocket.

"Here it is," he said. "I had this from her this morning."

Martin took the sheet and read:

"I shall be on the common by the wood this evening at about 8 o'clock. Meet me there if you can. I shall come up on to the North road by way of the flagstaff. So make an effort. Things are quite awful at home. We must talk things over somewhere where it is quiet.

NAOMI."

The note was typewritten except for the signature. Martin handed it back to Edward Calcott.

"Did Miss Garnett meet you as arranged?"

"She did not. I wandered about for over an hour, but she never appeared. I was on my way home when you met me."

"I see, sir."

Martin looked at Crosby, who nodded and slipped out.

Crosby knew what was wanted. He would go and check the dispatch of that letter straight away.

"That is all you have to tell me about this evening?"

"That is all."

"Your reason for evading our man was that you wished to see Miss Garnett without exciting attention?"

"That was my reason."

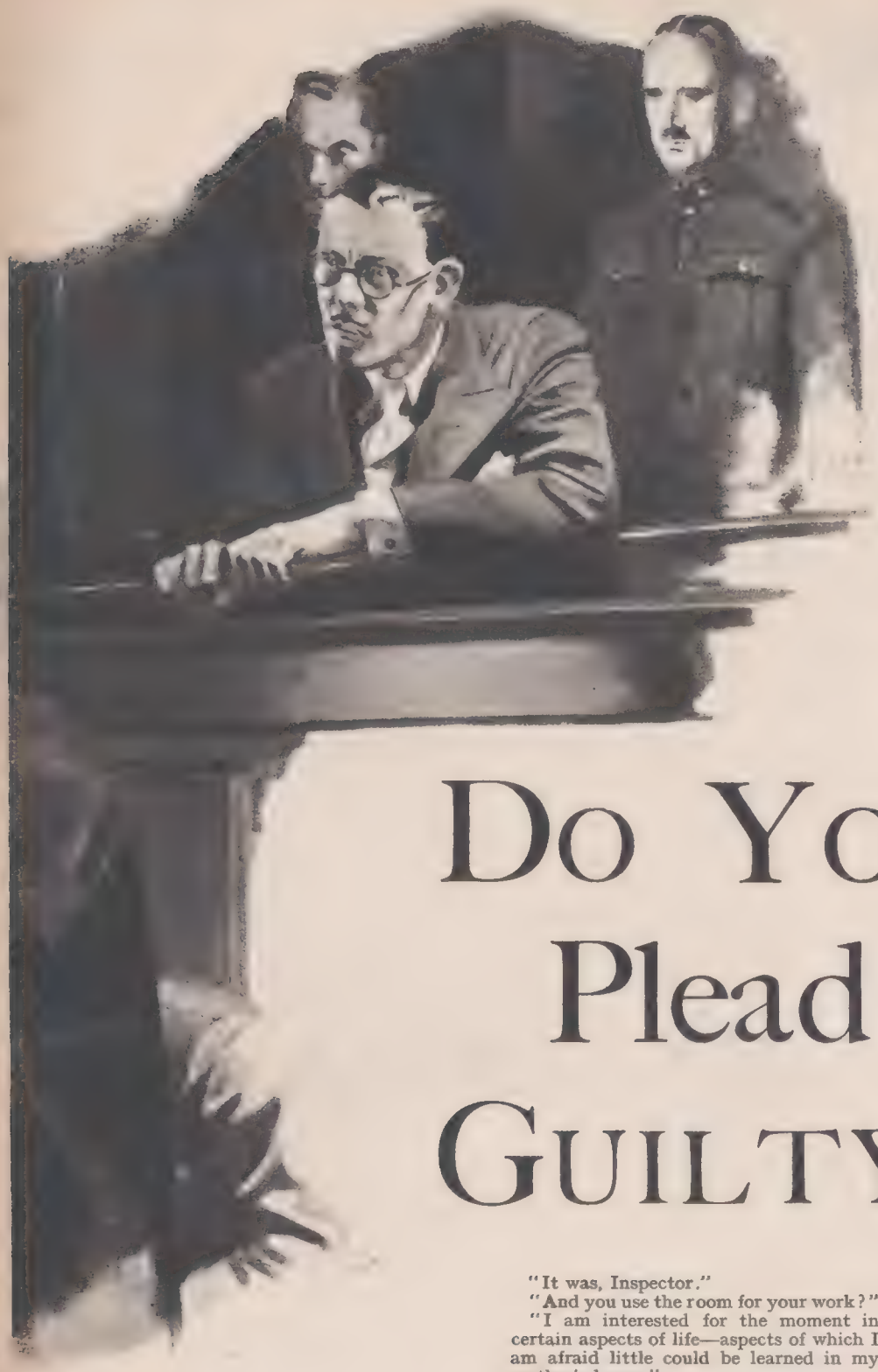
Inspector Martin paused a moment.

"I must now revert to that other matter. Where did you go and what were you doing on the night that Reeves met his death?"

Edward Calcott flushed and for a moment hesitated to speak. Then he lifted his head and squared his shoulders.

"I find it difficult to accept the position that I am bound to account to the police for actions which concern me privately."

"That, if I may say so, is hardly a fair way of putting it. You were in no way bound to account for your private time.



Do You Plead Guilty?

But neither were you bound to mislead us, Mr. Calcott. You made what in effect was a false statement. You now have an opportunity of correcting it. You are under no compulsion to do so, but if I may venture to say so, you would be ill-advised to take that attitude."

"Why not say the plain truth—that you suspect me of the murder?"

"Be reasonable, Mr. Calcott. We are obliged to consider every possibility, however outrageous it might be regarded in normal circumstances and, if a man insists on behaving suspiciously, he cannot fairly resent any effort we may make to obtain a satisfactory explanation."

"You shall have the explanation, Inspector, but I doubt whether you will find it satisfactory. I live at home, as you know, but for a special purpose I have also a room in town. That is where I spent the night in question, between the hours of eleven o'clock and three in the morning."

"Have you any objection to giving me the address?"

"None, whatever. My room is at 151 Baffin's Court, Long Acre. I rent it in the name of Arthur Scott-Digby."

"Would you care to tell me for what special purpose the address is used?"

"I am, as perhaps you know, an author. I use the room for my work."

"That was the room, was it not, from which you wrote the letters to Miss Beauchamp?"

"It was, Inspector."

"And you use the room for your work?"

"I am interested for the moment in certain aspects of life—aspects of which I am afraid little could be learned in my mother's house."

"Can you not be a little more explicit?"

"I am writing a verse sequence. The title I have chosen will indicate its character. It is called *Forgotten Souls* and consists of a series of sketches from the underworld."

"You were at this address most of the night in question?"

"I was."

"Was there anybody with you—anyone, I mean, who would corroborate your statement?"

"It has come to that, has it, Inspector?"

"It is a simple matter of routine to check an alibi, Mr. Calcott."

"I was not alone. I was, in fact, obtaining or trying to obtain the information which I need for my special literary purposes."

"Can you give me the name of the person?"

"Her name was Florence."

"No other name?"

"Not that I discovered."

"Had she no address?"

"Her address was of no consequence to me whatever. I'm afraid I did not ask her for it."

Inspector Martin looked at the man in uniform who had been scribbling in the corner of the room.

"Got that, constable?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

Martin turned back to Edward Calcott.

"Your statement will be transcribed and I shall ask you to sign it. It should be ready in, shall we say, an hour."

"Cannot you send it after me, Inspector?"

Inspector Martin shook his head.

"I'm afraid not," he answered firmly. "I must ask you to wait here until it is ready."

"Detained pending inquiries. Is that the situation?"

The expression on Inspector Martin's face was non-committal.

"I am asking you to wait here," he repeated, "until the statement is signed and recognised to be in order."

"You shall well and truly try and true deliverance make between our Sovereign Lord, the King and the prisoner at the bar."

Mr. Percy Clive, sitting with the other members of the jury on a warm September day, gazed round Number One Court at the Old Bailey. He was proud, but a little nervous. This was the first time he had ever served on a jury and here he was, plunged straight into what was likely to prove one of the famous trials of the century, no mere spectator, but an active participant, one of the twelve good men and true—but two of them, he noted, were women.

A tall man, wearing a barrister's wig and a flowing silk gown, rose to his feet. That was the Attorney-General himself, Sir Robert Lorrimer. Very stern and handsome he looked. Behind him, in the wide dock, was the prisoner. He had just sat down, looking pale, but quite composed.

The law was a funny business. You might know a thing for a fact. Yet it had to be stated and proved, however obvious it might be, by means of sworn statements, witnesses, examinations and cross-examinations. A silly set-out it was sometimes—with counsel asking a whole lot of questions to which he and everybody else knew what the answers would be.

"That, then, members of the jury, was how the unhappy Miss Adelaide Tring met her death on the morning of Saturday, June 3rd."

The voice of the Attorney-General was smooth and even. He hardly glanced at his papers. He knew the facts by heart. So did several million persons who were following the case elsewhere.

"I pass to the second of the tragedies. The victim on this occasion was Frederick Reeves, the son of Dr. Reeves, who has for many years been in practice in that suburb of London. Frederick Reeves. . ."

How was Calcott taking it? Mr. Clive turned his head slightly to get a better view. The prisoner was sitting very quietly, following with attention the speech of the Attorney-General. There was a warder on each side of him. He had a clever, sarcastic face and he looked serious enough, but not frightened—more like a man that was interested in something that did not rightly concern him.

Mr. Clive again recalled his wandering attention. The Attorney-General, who had just finished dealing with the third and last murder of the series, was still speaking.

"So far, members of the jury, the facts are not in dispute. These three persons met their deaths on the dates and in the manner which I have described. It is necessary now, in order to complete the picture and before I go into the question of motive, which will play a very important part in this case, for me to state the facts which led to the arrest of the prisoner at the bar and which implicate him directly in the three crimes of which he is accused."

This would be new matter. Mr. Clive sat forward.

"You will recollect, members of the jury, that the first victim of this series of crimes, Miss Adelaide Tring, died as a result of the administration of arsenic. On the evening of Whit Monday, June 12th, Inspector George Martin, the officer in charge of the case, within twenty

(*Please turn to next page*)

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Continuing The Legacy Murders

minutes of the hour at which Joshua Stanton was murdered, encountered the prisoner upon the Highwood common, not far from the scene of the crime. The prisoner, on being detained and questioned, admitted, among other things to which I shall revert, to having a secret address at 151 Baffin's Court, Long Acre.

A search was instantly made at that address and there was found, concealed in the pillows on the bed, a cotton bag containing 540 grains of white arsenic in powdered form. Thrust away under a loose board near the window a pistol was also discovered. It was an automatic pistol, fully loaded except for one cartridge which had been discharged. It will be proved, on the evidence of experts, that the bullet which killed Frederick Reeves, the second victim, was undoubtedly fired from that weapon. On that evidence, members of the jury, the prisoner was arrested and committed for trial.

"Meanwhile, as you know, the police had in their possession the knife with which Joshua Stanton had been stabbed to death within a short distance of the spot where the prisoner was arrested. Inquiries made by Scotland Yard led to the discovery of the ironmonger's shop where the knife had been purchased on Friday, June 9th. Here, then, is a third link in the chain. For the proprietor of that shop, Mr. Alfred Busby of 193 Seven Sisters Road, is prepared to identify the prisoner as the man who came to his shop and purchased the weapon."

Mr. Clive took another look at the prisoner. Undoubtedly a clever face. Yet what a fool he must be. Here was a man who had committed three murders with three different weapons and had allowed all three of them to be thrust back into his hands within a few hours of his arrest.

Mr. Clive's attention wandered to Sir Henry Grey, Counsel for the Defence. Sir Henry would have his work cut out. He was smiling, nevertheless, and did not seem at all disturbed. But, of course, the defence always knew what was coming, and Sir Henry presumably had already decided what line he would take. Not that anything was likely to make much difference now.

Mr. Clive looked back again at the prisoner with an added interest. It was all very well for him to look so brave and unconcerned, but the man was finished.

Mr. Clive felt strangely moved to see him there. It was a terrible thing to take a human life, even though it belonged, as in this case, to a triple murderer.

Mr. Clive pressed his lips together. The prisoner should have thought of that before.

And hanging, after all, was an easy death.

Mrs. Helen Pyecroft craned forward, holding her right hand to her ear. She was a little hard of hearing on that side. Fortunately, however, the Attorney-General spoke very distinctly and in a manner that almost compelled attention.

Mrs. Pyecroft did not altogether approve of the way in which Sir Robert Lorrimer was conducting the case. It all seemed so terribly inhuman. But perhaps that was inevitable. These lawyers lived in an atmosphere of crime and horror. You could not expect them to be at all upset. Like doctors. He had set forth the fact; very clearly, as in duty bound, and now he was setting forth the motive.

It had all to do, of course, with that peculiar last will and testament of Valerie Beauchamp of which she had read in the newspapers. Mrs. Pyecroft did not approve of all this publicity. It pandered to the morbid curiosity of the lower classes. Still, if the facts were published it was necessary to keep oneself informed. She had, moreover, a deep personal interest in the case. The strange, cruel story of the hoax played upon Valerie Beauchamp and the touching sequel of her last will and testament whereby she had made her peace with the world, had afforded a moving close to a beautiful career.

For many years Mrs. Pyecroft had found in the novels of Valerie Beauchamp sustenance and solace. It was terrible to think that the busy brain would work no more. Mrs. Pyecroft had the works of Valerie Beauchamp almost by heart. Her family used to tease her about it and George, her eldest, doing so well with Tressider & Company, would often put her to the test. What was the name of the hat shop patronised by Susan in *Love Among the Bluebells?* What was the colour of the curtains in the boudoir of Lady Beryl Mainwaring in *Hearts for Sale?*

The Attorney-General flung back his gown.

"The point I would make in conclusion, so far as this part of the case is concerned, is that the terms of the will, as described to you, constitute an undoubted link between the three crimes. All three of them had but one single motive which connects them one with another and which points to the prisoner. Here I would draw attention to a special feature of this present case. The Crown is prepared to submit evidence that each individual crime was committed by the prisoner and to maintain that the proof, in each individual case, is adequate. It is to be noted, however, that the three cases, considered apart and each one on its merits, reinforce one another, and that collectively the evidence is more convincing—it becomes indeed overwhelming—than it would have been for any one of them considered without reference to the rest.

"There are, in fact, three points common to all three crimes. The first point is that in each of them the prisoner has failed to establish an alibi, while in respect of one of them he deliberately misled the police as to his whereabouts, and in respect of another he deliberately evaded observation and produced a false explanation of his presence near the scene of the crime. The second point is that the same motive applies in all three cases. The third point is that in all three cases the means of death or weapon used has been traced to the prisoner at the bar.

"Circumstantial evidence is a dangerous instrument, and an awful responsibility lies upon those who would use it to obtain a conviction in any particular instance. When, however, such evidence is forthcoming, clear and abundant, not in one but in three distinct instances, and when that evidence all points in one direction and hangs together to make a logical whole in which all parts can be definitely and reasonably related, the natural conclusions can be drawn without hesitation or misgivings."

The Attorney-General raised a glass of water to his lips and Mrs. Pyecroft sat back in the jury box.

The cold logic of the thing was appalling. There was no escaping it. It was really too terrible.

Instinctively she hoped that somewhere a flaw would be discovered.

"That, members of the jury, completes my exposition of the case for the Crown, but I feel it necessary to add a word concerning the witnesses whom I am about to call in evidence."

Mr. Joseph Clayton rubbed the palms of his hands together. The Attorney-General was at last getting down to business. This was better than the movies and it was certainly more amusing than cutting up cheese and bacon at Branch 73 of Hammerton's Household Stores.

"First, in regard to the murder of Adelaide Tring. I have shown you that the prisoner had a motive for the crime. I have suggested that he also had the opportunity. The only evidence, however, that connects him with it directly, is furnished by the discovery of arsenic concealed in his room at Baffin's Court.

"I shall, of course, produce witnesses to show that Miss Tring died of arsenic poisoning, administered in the milk which was delivered at her door at 5 a.m. on the fatal morning, but I shall call no vital testimony in this connection beyond that of the police officer who conducted the search at Baffin's Court and thus established that the prisoner had in his possession a large quantity of the substance in question.

"I shall then leave you to draw your own conclusions, bearing in mind the fact that the prisoner had only to slip downstairs in the early summer dawn, walk some two hundred yards to the cottage inhabited by Miss Tring, remove the cardboard cap from the bottle of milk, insert the arsenic, replace the cap and return the way he came. The whole operation could have been completed in less than fifteen minutes and the only risk the prisoner ran was that he might be seen going to the cottage or returning. In actual fact the prisoner was not seen at all.

"The evidence here is negative, but the case for the Crown does not rest upon it. I am merely concerned to know that the crime was feasible and the very fact of nobody having seen the prisoner between the hours of five and eight o'clock on that particular morning makes it impossible for him to establish the alibi which could alone invalidate the evidence afforded by the discovery of the police at Baffin's Court."

Mr. Joseph Clayton made an impatient gesture. He was tired of these preliminaries. He wanted to see those witnesses. The Attorney-General had a way with him—a very stern and capable gentleman—but Mr. Clayton had no liking for a one-man show. Variety was the spice of life.

"I pass to the death of Frederick Reeves. In relation to that event I shall, in addition to the evidence to be furnished by the police, call a very material witness for the Crown. The time of death can be fixed very closely. It occurred at twenty-five minutes past two on the night of June 6th to June 7th. Where was the prisoner at that hour? The Crown contends that he was waiting under the trees beside the gate of Dr. Reeves' house—waiting there with the automatic pistol which was subsequently discovered in his room at Baffin's Court; that he jumped on the running-board of the car and with a single shot ended the life of Frederick Reeves.

"The prisoner, however, on being interrogated that same day by one of the officers in charge of the case, declared that he was at home in his mother's house in Highwood and asleep till he was called as usual at half-past seven with a cup of tea. That, members of the jury, was a false statement, a statement which the prisoner himself has since admitted to be false. He now maintains that he was at Baffin's Court till very late that night and that he was still on his way home when the crime was committed.

"He is unfortunately a little vague as to the precise hour at which he returned. He does not think he could have reached Highwood much before three o'clock in the morning. I am going to show, however, that he left Baffin's Court in plenty of time to reach the scene of the crime before the fatal shot was fired. For that purpose I shall call as a witness the maid Mary Andrews who will testify that she heard him enter the house no later than half-past two o'clock."

Mr. Clayton sat back violently. Sir Robert Lorrimer certainly took his time. Instead of saying what he would do, why didn't he do it?

"We come now to the murder of Joshua Stanton. When you have heard the evidence necessary to establish the time and manner of his death, I shall call two important witnesses. Joshua Stanton died as the result of a blow from a knife on Highwood common.

"The first of my witnesses will be Mr. Busby, proprietor of the ironmonger's shop in the Seven Sisters Road from whom the knife was bought, and he will identify the prisoner as the man who bought it.

"My second witness will supply an equally important link in the chain of evidence. The prisoner, on being found near the scene of the crime, accounted for his presence on the common by stating that he had received from his friend and neighbour, Miss Naomi Garnett, a letter asking him to be there at the hour in question.

"In support of that statement he produced a note from Miss Garnett making the appointment. Miss Garnett, however, when she came to be interviewed by the police, stated that she had not written the note and had no knowledge of it. I shall invite her to confirm that statement in the witness-box."

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Naturally, Ferranti sets have short-waves (in fact, Ferranti were the first to offer a complete range of all-wave receivers from the 9 gn. 'Parva' to the Gloria Autogram at 52 gns.). But Ferranti were not content with giving you this new horizon to your listening. They have gone on to give you the greatest aid to short-wave tuning yet devised. This is the 'Magnascopic' dial — a feature incorporated on all Ferranti Superhets but found on no other radio.

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Though Ferranti have made short-wave listening so easy, you may still stay faithful to your old favourites at the B.B.C. So Ferranti have made purity of reproduction and utter dependability their chief concern. Nothing of the traditional Ferranti quality is lost, nothing of its fidelity sacrificed to give you all-wave listening. Ferranti have given you the world — but taken nothing away.

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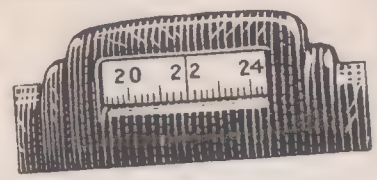

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Address .....

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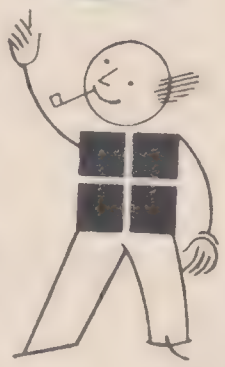

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HIS LAST "PROP"

THE strangest, saddest, experience of my life had its beginning in Moscow when I visited it in September last year in the course of a three months' tour of Northern Europe.

During my stay in the Soviet capital I made friends with a charming German-Jewess resident. Anna S., was, like myself, a woman in the early thirties, and we discovered that we had many things in common.

The time passed quickly in her company and I was quite sorry when the day of my departure arrived.

Anna came to see me off at the station and, having learned that I was travelling to London by the northern route—Niegoroloye-Warsaw-Berlin - Paris—she asked me if I would do her a favour. Would I, since I intended stopping-over in Berlin, call on her father who was domiciled there?

The old man was, she explained, a furrier, and when the rest of the family had left Germany he had refused to accompany them, preferring to stay where he was rather than abandon the business he had spent a life-time building up, for the Nazi authorities permitted Jewish merchants to leave the country only upon the renunciation of all private means and property. It was now three months since she had last heard from him and she would, therefore, be very grateful if I could find time to look him up.

"Of course I'll have time," I assured her. "Don't worry, Anna. I won't forget. I'll go to see him the day I arrive. Promise."

On arrival in Berlin, after depositing my luggage at the Excelsior Hotel, I set off at once for the address which Anna had given me.

Lütherstrasse turned out to be a very long street of shops and big houses and I had some difficulty in locating No. X*bis*. After searching in vain for a time I was obliged to ask a policeman to direct me. I showed him the address and, after a brief, disgusted glance at the name—which was obviously Jewish—he pointed curtly towards an alley leading off the main road. Walking down it I came to a shop with notices pasted all over it, warning the people of the district that the owner was a "non-Aryan" and as such not worthy of their custom. Painted across the window, a black bar running through it, was my friend's name.

It was a long time before my ring was answered, but at last the door opened a few inches and a very old man peered out.

"What is it you want?" he asked me, in German. "I cannot serve you. You see the notice outside. *Sie kunnen hier nicht kaufen . . . kaufen ist ganz verboten, verstehen Sie?*"

"I have just come from Moscow, with a message from your daughter, Anna," I told him, showing him the paper bearing his name and address in her handwriting.

He scrutinised the little piece of paper, then smiled broadly and opened the door.

"*Shalôm!*" he cried, giving me the Jewish greeting, and immediately correcting himself on seeing my blank expression. "Forgive me. You are not Jewish but a Gentile, of course. Please come inside. You are indeed welcome. . . ."

He made me some tea and brought out a small tin of biscuits. I refused to eat any of the biscuits, guessing that his food supplies were not very ample.

Finally, having spent the entire morning there, I persuaded him to lunch with me and the humiliating memory of our search for a restaurant that would admit a non-Aryan will long remain in my mind. Eventually I tipped a waiter in the Haus Vaterland Cafe in Potsdamer Platz to give us a corner table in an inconspicuous part of the downstairs restaurant.

Over lunch he confided some of his difficulties.

"But I have one thing left," the old man whispered confidentially. "A diamond . . . here in this pocket. I always carry it with me."

"Then why in heaven's name" I queried impatiently, "don't you sell it and clear out?"

"If it were only possible, my friend, but alas! no one will buy it."

"No one in Berlin will buy a diamond!"

"Not from a non-Aryan. You see," he smiled whimsically, "how easily I use that word, 'non-Aryan.' The reason is that if we Jews are questioned we must declare ourselves to be non-Aryans, not Jews. The word Jew is *ganz verboten*, you understand. There is a new law, and the penalty for breaking it is very severe, that no one, *no one*, may purchase valuables from non-Aryans. I have already tried to sell the stone through an old friend of mine who is a dealer in diamonds, but he returned it to me within a few days, saying he could neither make me an offer nor dispose of it for me. He said it was too big and people were afraid of its origin."

"Suppose I try to sell it for you?" I volunteered. "I can't possibly buy it myself, but I could take it to a jeweller's here. We could, for example, try your dealer friend first of all—even if he recognised the stone he wouldn't be afraid to buy it from a tourist, surely. I can give him my address, credentials."

Leaving the restaurant we called a taxi and set off at once for the dealer's. Arrived there, I put the stone carefully in my purse, left my companion outside and entered the shop. As instructed I asked for Herr H., and a minute or so later a tall, distinguished looking man of about sixty came forward.

"Herr H.?" I asked. "Good afternoon.

TRUE LIFE STORIES

Ten guineas for *your* True Life Story if you write it yourself in printable form; two guineas if you send us only a summary. That is "Passing Show's" invitation to readers, made because we believe in the old saying that "Truth is Stranger than Fiction."

● "This is no diamond," he said. "Merely a well-cut piece of glass."

I have been given your name by a friend. I understand that you deal in diamonds."

"This is the diamond I wish to sell—outright if possible, as I am only passing through Berlin. I would accept any reasonable offer. . . ." I laid the stone on the velvet pad in front of me.

A look of consternation crossed the dealer's face at the sight of the stone, but he picked it up and subjected it to a careful examination.

Presently he handed it back to me.

"This is no diamond," he said. "Merely a piece of well-cut glass. It is a very clever imitation, I admit. I'm sorry."

"But don't you recognise it?" I stammered. "It is the stone Herr X., your old friend, asked you to sell for him a short time ago. You can trust me. I'm a friend of his, too, and surely, as a tourist. . . ."

"I regret, madam," he interrupted me, "that I have no recollection of it, nor anyone of the name you mention."

My friend was awaiting me outside, the hopeful look on his face fading as I shook my head in gloomy negation. We walked on in silence for a time.

Meanwhile I was thinking furiously. Perhaps the old man had been mistaken about the value of the "diamond" all along. Perhaps the dealer had substituted it, stolen the genuine jewel and made an exact copy—in glass. My friend was very short-sighted, he would never know the difference . . . but if he knew that the stone was worthless his last hope, the hope that was giving him courage to carry on, to bear his present great difficulties, would be taken away from him. Finally I decided to keep my secret—at any rate for the time being.

It was a long way back to Lütherstrasse but we made the journey on foot as the old man refused to let me "go to the expense of a second taxi."

During our walk we discussed many things, including the history of the stone we had just tried to sell. Briefly, he told me that the "diamond" had been willed to him, that he had never had it valued by an expert, but that he knew the original cost to be in the neighbourhood of forty thousand marks.

By this time we had arrived at the corner of the road in which my friend lived. Outside his shop I saw a uniformed Nazi mounting guard. The old man, noticing my alarm, smiled and told me not to worry as it was a common occurrence.

"Besides," he added, "it is as much for my protection as anything else."

I left him upon his repeated assurance that everything was perfectly all right, promising to call early the next morning. From the corner of the road I watched him enter the shop and close the door carefully behind him. The armed guard was standing indifferently at ease on the edge of the pavement.

And as I set off to return to my hotel I suddenly remembered that I had forgotten to give my friend his "diamond." It was no use turning back now. I decided to keep it for him until morning. . . .

But when I went to my friend's shop early the following day I found it boarded up, and all my inquiries only elicited the information that the owner had left. No one had seen him leave; no one knew where he had gone or why.

After a morning's vain inquiry I went to the British Consulate where I poured my story into the sympathetic ears of the Vice-Consul, who very kindly offered to do all that lay in his power to clear up the mystery of my friend's disappearance.

True to his promise he sent for me in a couple of days and told me that he had made all possible inquiries but could only discover that my friend had been taken away and "interned, pending inquiries." This he took to mean internment in a "country"—or concentration— camp.

And there the matter ended, for all my efforts to trace or get in touch with the old man were fruitless. I made several calls at the Central Polizeiwache—all of them in vain—and eventually I was forced to the conclusion that there was nothing more I could do.

After a last visit to the Consulate to thank the Vice-Consul, who promised to forward on to me any further information he might receive, I left Berlin for Paris, the next stage on my journey to London.

The news that my friend had died soon after arriving at the "country camp" was sent to me at the end of the week by the Vice-Consul—to whom I should like publicly to express my own and Anna's gratitude for his great help and kindness.

Whilst in Paris it occurred to me that Anna might like to have the "diamond," despite its worthlessness, if only in memory of her father, and I decided to have a ring setting made for it and send it to her as soon as it was ready.

Anxious to get the prettiest setting I could I went to a well-known jeweller's in the rue Royale.

"Could you tell me how much it would cost to have this stone set in white gold?" I asked the salesman who came forward. I explained apologetically that I did not think it was worth a more expensive setting.

"Not worth it!" he exclaimed. "*But this is a beautiful and very valuable stone.* Would you like me to value it for you?"

"Please—yes," I stammered, scarcely daring to hope that his estimation of it might be right. "I really wanted to sell it . . . that is, if it is as valuable as you say. . . ."

Then the diamond was a real one after all! The dealer in Berlin, fearful, perhaps, of the consequences, anxious to do nothing that might bring about his denunciation to the authorities and lead also to his friend's arrest, had deliberately lied about the stone's value. . . .

At this moment the salesman returned, saying, "There is a flaw in the stone, madam. You can see it through this glass if you will look, and the colour is a little yellow . . . but we could offer you the equivalent of eight hundred and fifty *livres sterling* for it. You could sell it for more, privately, perhaps."

I stared at him, undecided what to say, not knowing whether Anna would prefer to keep the stone or sell it.

"Could I let you know to-morrow afternoon?"

"Certainly, madam. We should want a few details, of course, verification of your identity and so on, but if you decide to sell, the money will be paid to you at your address within forty-eight hours."

And a few days later, having received her telegraphed permission to sell the diamond, I sent Anna her father's "last prop" in the form of a cheque drawn on the State Bank of the U.S.S.R.

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8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	3 1 0	4/-	5/6
8ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	3 7 6	4/3	6/2
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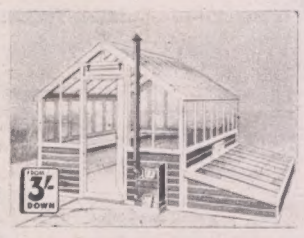

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7¼ft.	5 ft.	6¼ft.	3 2 0	3/6	5/7
8¼ft.	6ft.	7 ft.	3 19 0	4/-	7/2
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WE KNOW IT IS WRONG to think evil of another, but it is just as well, especially if he introduces himself as an elder of the church, shows an immoderate desire to adorn his person with diamonds, smokes the most tantalising cigars and tells you in confidence of the expedition he is taking to Tangabatu to unearth a treasure trove left on that island by another pirate in the seventeenth century.

The story he tells makes you think he is as "honest as a dog fight," and then out of the greatness of his heart he'll suggest, strictly in confidence of course, that you might like to help support such an adventurous enterprise. There'll be no profits, for the treasure will be used to help deserving charities, but it will be a grand adventure.

The first baby

SERVICE

on motoring, travel, holidays, dress, finance, home, education, and every other practical subject is given free by "The Passing Show" Advice Service, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose stamped envelope with query.

IF YOU DON'T take the opportunity to recall that the last time you met him he sold you a gold brick for ninepence, you'll probably be going without lunch for a day or two. Such a man is dangerous, but not half so dangerous as the eager fellow who with a frown furrowing his noble brow brings you his problems to solve.

"I am so worried," he says. "Can you help me?" And he sets you off on a train of inquiry, chance, skullduggery and blandishment that gives your peace of mind about as much future as a celluloid cat in Hell. Take, as an instance, the appeal of Mr. E. A. Arnold, of Bradford Moor (or Less) who says:

"Suppose you had a broadcasting studio—any one will do—in which there was a live microphone (chained up, of course) and a radio set tuned in to the same station to which the microphone is hooked up—(I think that is the right expression). Now clap in front of the microphone. How many claps do you hear on the radio? The 'mike' picks up your single clap and you hear that at the same time as you broadcast your clap. But then the microphone will also pick up the clap from the set; that is, the microphone picks up two claps—your clap and the radio set's clap. So two claps will be heard on the radio, but surely the microphone will pick up these simultaneously with your clap. Then three claps will come from the set; therefore the microphone picks up four claps; then there are four claps on the radio set; but that means the microphone hears five claps . . ." And that's what happens when you offer to help people.

First appearance on a concert platform

YOU NOT ONLY become a drivelling nuisance, offensive to ears, eyes and immortal soul while you are trying to discover to a few decimal points how long it takes for a clap to leave you and return through the loudspeaker, but also you begin to doubt the outward and visible sign of a man who comes to you under false colours to leave such a nest of vipers in your hand.

And then, as though he had not done sufficient damage to the serenity of our minds, Mr. Arnold dares to drop trinkets of doubt as to whether the loud applause following a broadcast symphony concert may not be made by only one man. This, at least, we can deny for we have seen the strange beings, otherwise sane, even intelligent and comely who shuffle and stampede whenever there is a pause in the music of a symphony concert.

It might even be better if the concerts were less sympathy and more symphony; it might even be better if there were only one man to make the noise. And that brings us back to Mr. Arnold's problem which we pass on to the world half afraid that somebody may know the answer, even though we know that hope is after all a pathological belief in the occurrence of the impossible.

PERHAPS OUR hawk-eyed readers may find the puzzle enough to take their minds off the slip that slipped into our Slips; for they have assembled in their thousands to take us to task for suggesting that there was anything amiss in two men being accused of stealing "a pair of footprints." They have described a "pair of footprints" as being a cross between a spanner and an adjustable wrench; it is, we are told, the technical name for a gadget used by gasfitters, plumbers and housebreakers to "tighten nuts, loosen teeth and open beer bottles." We admit our perfidity in not knowing more of this valuable instrument of torture; and we acknowledge our debt to these who have shaken many a "pair of footprints" at us, even sent us sketches and photographs of the aforesaid tool.

We'll have to think twice every time we find Francis Beeding finding a pair of footprints under the local rose bush. And now we must wrench ourselves away.

THE GODS SELL all things at a price," said an old poet. "He might have added," says Axel Munthe, "that they sell their best goods at the lowest prices. There is no entrance fee to the starlit hall of night." And to this tender theme we must add the words of Mr. R. D. Williams, a Manchester man, on whom a great light has dawned.

"The experiences of those concerned in your True Life stories," says he, "stand out like hillocks above the level existence of the rest of us; yet I contend that every life story could furnish its thrills, equally dramatic if the tide of the years had not flowed over the memory of them, smoothing them out of existence, as the surf carries away sand-castles on the beach.

"The commonplace things of our lives were thrilling enough, but we simply worried through as they happened, collected a few more wrinkles on the brow and trudged forward to meet the next day's trouble. The first day at work after leaving school; the fight with the bully; the street accident; our first appearance on a concert platform; the death of mother, father or anybody dear to us; the first baby; the wife's serious illness afterwards; and perhaps the baby died . . . so-called ordinary lifetimes are studded with these thrills, but they receive no special attention because the next chap is meeting just the same opposition. He is too busy dealing with it—as we dealt with it—and trudging on to the next hurdle to notice what tricks life is playing with us."

Such is the race of man to contemplation's sober eye; as we have suggested before, only those who deserve a monument do not want one. They have known "those rare moments when one is happy all over"; they have found pleasure in living even a humdrum life, and perhaps that is happiness.

WHILE WE ARE on the subject of true life adventures, we must tell you about Cluny MacPherson who has sent us a story from Bondi, New South Wales, Australia, where apparently life can now and again be fatally exciting even though there are no gangsters or scientists.

"As a fictional theme," says Cluny Mac, "revenge after death is usually a matter of something planted in an Egyptian tomb, but here's a real-life example from the Fitzmaurice country in Central Australia. A prospector was speared by five blacks and just managed to crawl back to camp where before dying he was able to empty a tin of strychnine into his stores and to wrench a spear from his shoulder to enable him to throw away the tell-tale tin.

"Trackers reconstructed the story when they found his body surrounded by five dead black fellows. Incidentally it might be advisable to add that the average Australian has about as much chance of striking an adventure such as this as a New Yorker has of being scalped by Red Indians."

Still, from what we hear Red Indians have nothing on New Yorkers when it comes to the gentle art of "bumping off." And even our scientists might learn quite a lot about death in Chicago.

Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Solution Next Week

CLUES DOWN

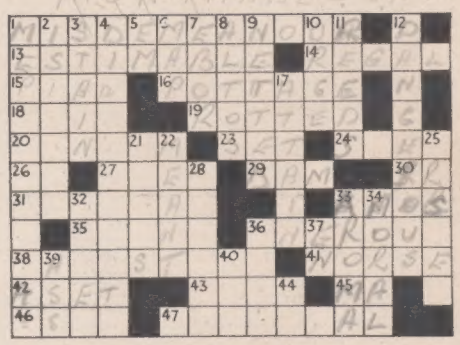
1. Send ham icer (anagram).
2. To separate completely.
3. Not on modern cutlery.
4. So was the iguanodon.
5. I'm standing on my head.
6. The world on paper perhaps.
7. An archbishop signs himself thus.
8. They sometimes sing.
9. Moth or mackerel may be so.
10. A thrusting impulsion.
11. May grow by the river's brim.
12. So a gerund is lacking in safety.
17. Get it! Got it?
21. Side glances.
22. Something intended.
25. One with aptitude for muddling.
28. Dries despite the moisture present.
32. This may be done to the beast dead or alive.
33. Sweetness in the air.
34. A story may or may not have this.
36. Fe fo fi fum said he.
37. To the printer half 5.
39. May be a donkey.
40. Downy covering.
44. Not alternating (abbreviation).

L	O	A	F	■	U	N	D	E	R	S	T	O	O	D
A	■	L	I	A	R	■	O	R	A	L	■	P	■	O
T	E	A	R	I	N	G	■	E	N	E	M	I	E	S
H	A	R	M	S	■	R	U	C	T	I	O	N	■	I
■	S	M	A	L	L	E	S	T	■	G	R	E	E	N
B	Y	■	M	E	■	W	E	I	G	H	T	■	■	G
R	■	W	E	R	■	D	O	R	S	A	L	■	■	■
A	G	E	N	D	A	S	■	N	A	■	L	A	P	S
S	■	A	T	O	N	E	D	■	C	R	I	M	E	A
S	T	R	A	N	G	E	R	■	E	■	T	E	A	K
Y	■	S	L	E	E	P	Y	■	S	A	Y	S	■	E

Solution to last week's puzzle

CLUES ACROSS

1. Mon I made sure (anagram).
13. Worthy of good opinion.
14. This is royal.
15. Of mixed hue.
16. May be in a mess.
18. A muse, not necessarily amusing.
19. Suffered decay.
20. An obsolete vehicle.
23. All fixed.
24. Canute tried to do this with the tide.
26. Has reference to location.
27. Father William was.
29. An obstruction.
30. Sapper (abbreviation).
31. Stars may have such origin.
33. A prophet.
35. Originally sanded enclosure.
36. Something of a burden.
38. Not yielding.
41. The senor turns north.
42. A 23 makes a bristle.
43. Plant endowed with 33 down.
45. Extract mother from 33 down.
46. Famous garden.
47. Of more than ordinary importance.



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A14

I'D LOVE TO GO

...but how can I, with legs like mine

IF YOUR LEGS ARE SPOIL-SPORTS, LET ELASTO PUT THEM RIGHT

What Users of Elasto Say:—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
"Now free from piles."
"Your free sample gave wonderful relief."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort; no pain whatever."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (Arterio-Sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto my heart is quite sound again," etc.

Elasto, the Pleasant, Handy Remedy

Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets which *dissolve instantly* on the tongue whence it is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Her Friend Said— Take Elasto!

LEG TROUBLES soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue, and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health!*

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort, and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality, and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve *instantly* on the tongue, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Take Elasto for: varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, heart troubles, bad circulation, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs. Piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries, arterio-sclerosis, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Elasto corrects all Circulatory Disorders, because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to Veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever.

You Can Test Elasto FREE!

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5/- for a whole month's supply, and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed. ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD., (Dept. 152), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

For all Readers of the "Passing Show"

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Not Magic But Acts Like It!

FILL IN THIS COUPON—NOW!

COUPON *For Free Trial Sample of Elasto* ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.,
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Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME.....
(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

ADDRESS .....

Passing Show, 15/8/36.....

Elasto will save you pounds!

SMILE with RELIEF from PAINFUL FEET

Painful or aching feet can spoil all your pleasures and, by discouraging exercise, ruin your plans to recuperate your health and vitality. Don't let your feet do these things to you!

Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the world-famous foot expert, has made it so easy and inexpensive for you to have happy pain-free feet. As a result of a life-time of research and practical experience in bringing foot-health to millions, he has devised a successful scientific Foot Comfort Remedy for every foot condition. Go at once to a Chemist or Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service Depot for free advice and get the Appliance or Remedy to give you instant relief and progressive correction.

Away with CORNS!

In one minute your pain is gone—forgotten. In a short time your corns or callouses will be soft and loose, easy to lift right out, and the swelling and inflammation of bunions is soothed away.
That's how quickly Dr. Scholl's Zino Pads act by means of the double treatment of scientifically designed pads and the special Medicated Disks included in every box. The penetrating medication of the Disks softens the hard skin round the corn for easy removal. Price 1/3 per packet.

Cutting your corns and callouses, or using caustic liquid or harsh plasters, so often causes infection and inflammation. To avoid all danger use Dr. Scholl's Zino Pads—the quick, medically sure, safe way to instant relief. Waterproof, do not stick to the stocking, do not come off in the bath.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

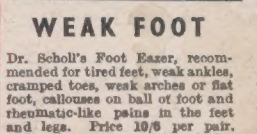
Relief from shoe pressure

DR. SCHOLL'S TARSO PADS differ from Dr. Scholl's Zino Pads in being non-medicated. They instantly relieve the pain of corns, callouses, bunions and corns-between-toes by removing the cause —shoe pressure and friction.

Dr. Scholl's Tarso Pads cushion and shield sensitive spots from nagging shoe pressure, and make new or tight shoes fit with ease.

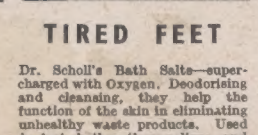
Easy to apply and a safe, clean, simple and inexpensive way to freedom from pain from sore toes, tender spots, or corns, callouses, bunions and corns-between-toes. In 5 special shapes and sizes now on display all over the country, in new attractive and convenient envelope packing, in Chemists, and Dr. Scholl's Depots.

Dr Scholl's TARSO PADS 6D PER PACKET



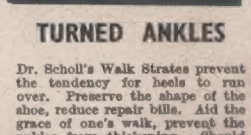
PROTECTS CORN FROM SHOE PRESSURE

Dr. Scholl's Felt Corn Pads are designed to remove the pressure and friction of shoes from corns or other sore spots on the feet. Applied with the aperture directly over the corn or painful or sensitive spot. 6d. per packet



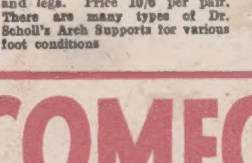
SOFT PROTECTION AGAINST IRRITATION

Dr. Scholl's Chiropody Animal Wool may be used for protecting corns, tender spots, in-grown toe-nails or injured areas of the foot. Ideal for separating and preventing friction of overlapping toes. May be used to provide soft resilient padding. 6d. per packet



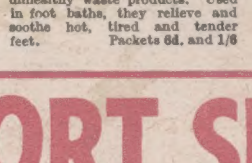
RELIEVING PRESSURE OF TIGHT SHOES

Dr. Scholl's Chiropody Felt is a soft wool mixture of felt especially compressed for use as padding on the feet and in the shoes. For relieving pressure of new or tight shoes, or corns, callouses, hammer toes, bunions and tender areas. 6d. per packet



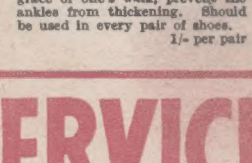
SHOE SLIPPING

Dr. Scholl's Stocking Protector, thin dainty, washable, sanitary and economical. Fits snugly to the heel, requires no attachment. Prevents shoe slipping and consequent wearing of stocking heels. Made in various sizes of special, patented material. 6d. per pair



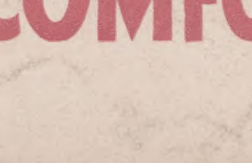
INGROWN NAIL

Dr. Scholl's Onixol, a safe, sensible treatment for in-grown toe-nails and irritation around the nail groove. Inflammation and irritation are removed and in a short time healthy tissue appears and permanent relief is effected. 1/3 per bottle



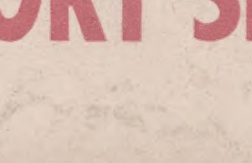
ITCHING TOES

Dr. Scholl's Solvex. Safe, effective treatment for this most prevalent of skin troubles. This infection causes whitening and softening and peeling of the skin and intense itching between the toes If not treated at once, may spread. 3/- per jar



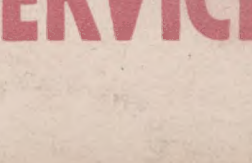
ENLARGED JOINT

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer, a protective shield of pure surgical rubber. Relieves all pressure and friction of shoes or stockings. Instantly relieves pain. Reduces swelling. Small, medium and large, in rights and lefts. Now REDUCED IN PRICE. 2/- each



CROOKED TOES

Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex gradually straightens the misshapen and misplaced bone formation and effects permanent correction. Comfortable to wear. Relieves all pain and discomfort of bunion. Small, medium, large. Now REDUCED IN PRICE. 1/6 each



SPREADING FEET

Dr. Scholl's Arch Binder prevents spreading of the arch bones and relieves strain of weakened arches. Prevents aches and pains caused by constant standing and walking. Extremely comfortable in wear. All sizes, 2/6 per pair. Extra wide, 3/6 per pair

WEAK FOOT

Dr. Scholl's Foot Eazer, recommended for tired feet, weak ankles, cramped toes, weak arches or flat foot, callouses on ball of foot and rheumatic-like pains in the feet and legs. Price 10/6 per pair. **There are many types of Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports for various foot conditions**

TIRED FEET

Dr. Scholl's Bath Salts—supercharged with Oxygen. Deodorising and cleansing, they help the function of the skin in eliminating unhealthy waste products. Used in foot baths, they relieve and soothe hot, tired and tender feet. Packets 6d. and 1/6

TURNED ANKLES

Dr. Scholl's Walk Strates prevent the tendency for heels to run over. Preserve the shape of the shoe, reduce repair bills. Aid the grace of one's walk, prevent the ankles from thickening. Should be used in every pair of shoes. 1/- per pair

Dr Scholl's FOOT COMFORT SERVICE